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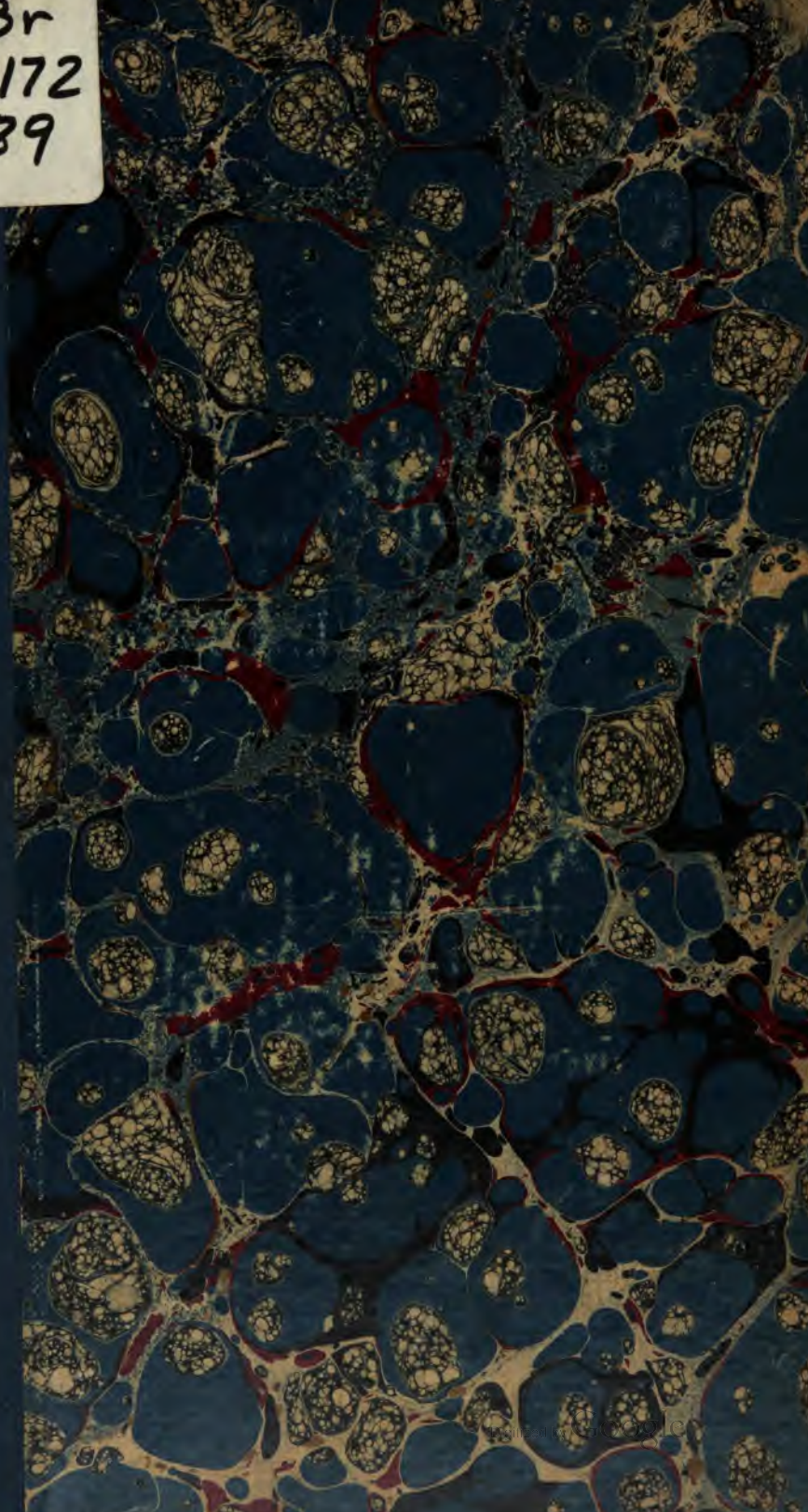
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THE  
HISTORY OF COTTINGHAM.

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BY  
THE REV. CHARLES OVERTON,  
VICAR OF COTTINGHAM.

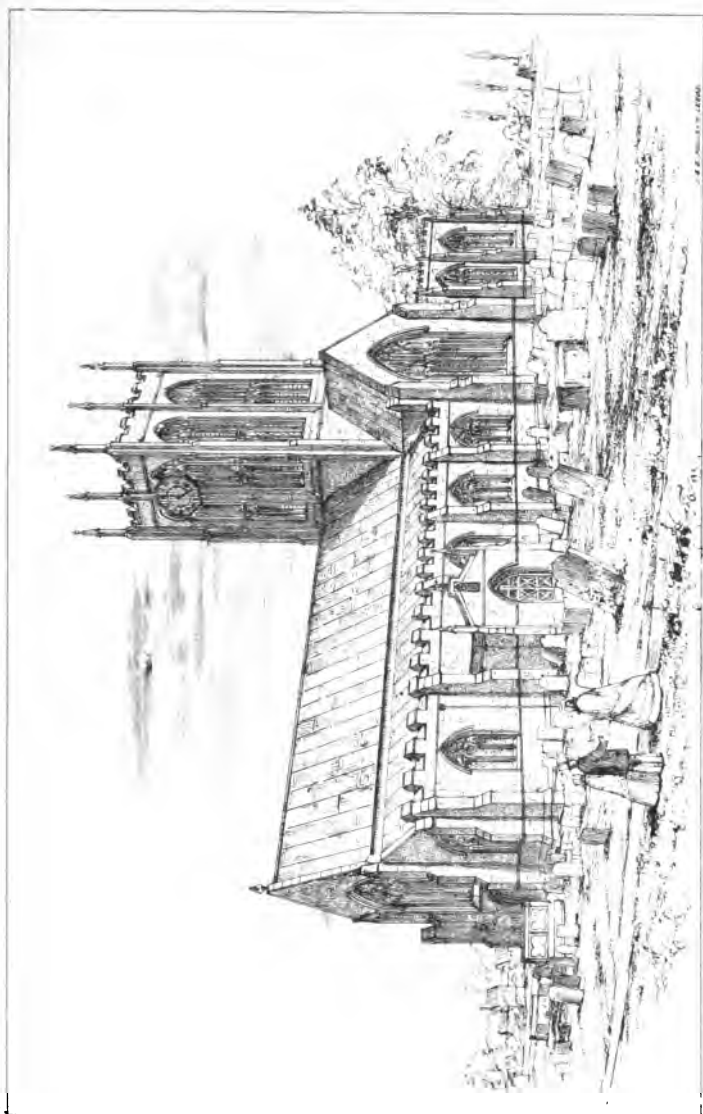
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GORTMULLEN CHURCH.  
*from a Drawing in the possession of Mr J. Morley, Esq.*

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THE

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*To the Parishioners of Cottingham, this History of  
Cottingham is dedicated by their affectionate Friend  
and Pastor,*

• THE AUTHOR.

• J. & E. PULLEYN, LITHOGRAPHERS & PRINTERS, BASINGHALL WORKS, LEEDS.

# The History of Cottingham.

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## INTRODUCTION.

TOPOGRAPHY, which is the history of particular places, is sometimes both very dry and very dull. But there is no reason why it should be so. With the exception of the Holy Land, no history in the world is so deeply interesting to an Englishman, as the history of his own native country. Almost "every nook of British ground" may be described in such a way as to open for us the purest springs of innocent enjoyment and useful information. Its sylvæ, and its flora, and its fauna—the trees with which it is crowned, the flowers with which it is beautified, and the animals with which it is enlivened—spread before our eyes the open volume of that pleasing and instructive book, the book of natural science. Who can be weary of reading, when every page is an extensive plain, every line a flowing river, and every period a lofty mountain? If we wish to go deeper, in almost every place there is a world of wonders to be investigated beneath our feet. Who does not know that geology is almost as much indebted to Hugh Miller, for the history of the quarry in which he laboured, as natural science is indebted to Gilbert White, for the history of the Parish in which he lived? Neither is this all. Many of our English towns, and some of our villages are intimately connected with the most stirring events, and memorable revolutions of our country.

Neither the name of the place, nor the great men that have made it famous in by-gone time, the remarkable events which have occurred within it, or any of the antiquities and curiosities of which it can boast, are to be overlooked. In these we can always find something that is interesting. We shall detect some memorial of ancient Britain, and of imperial Rome ; or else we shall hear the voice, and track the steps, and recognise the features of the invading Saxon, the piratical Dane, or the conquering Norman.

When we are told,\* “ that the love of our country is nowhere inculcated in the Bible,” surely, to say the least, this is a most extraordinary assertion. We need not go to the heathen schools of Greece and Rome for the noblest specimens, and the highest examples of genuine patriotism. The love of our country is a deep-seated principle implanted within us by the author of our being. The natives of a country not so blessed as England, and the inhabitants of a village not so fair as Cottingham, never fail to have awakened within them a thrill of the deepest feeling, at every recollection of the land, which is associated with their earliest and their best emotions, and which is bound to their hearts by so many and such endearing ties.

“ Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart within him ne’er has burn’d,  
As home his footsteps he has turn’d  
From wandering on a foreign strand ? ”

The soldiers and sailors, and emigrants, that go from our country villages into distant parts of the world, for the

\* Essays and Reviews.



most part know little or nothing of Greece or Rome ; but they know how to love their country with as pure and as warm a love as ever animated the most distinguished classical scholar. They never forget dear old England,

“ This precious stone set in the silver sea,”

and with all the tenderness and the depth of Spencer himself they can both feel and say,

“ Dear country ! O how dearly dear  
Should thy remembrance and perpetual band  
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nourriture receive !  
How *brutish* is it not to understand  
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,  
That gave us all whatever good we have.”

In the pages that follow it is purposed to speak a little first of the present name of Cottingham. After that we shall detail its ancient history. Its most famous buildings; its most celebrated characters ; and its natural curiosities, will then pass in review before us. Its natural history will form the subject of our last chapter.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PRESENT NAME OF COTTINGHAM.

COTTINGHAM was not always the name of the village in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and at an equal distance from Beverley and Hull, whose history we have undertaken to write. There is often far more in a name than at first we are apt to suppose. An anonymous poet of the last generation has told us,

“ In early times when Magna Charta rose,  
The name of Cottingham was *Grandaçose*.”

This is certainly a very grand sounding name, and would naturally raise our expectations very high ; for this grandiloquent name seems to signify *great things*. But without aspiring so high, or claiming for our village these *great things*, we are perfectly satisfied with the modern name of Cottingham. We think the modern name far prettier than the ancient one ; and as a young lady, when she gives both her heart and her hand to the husband of her choice, cheerfully relinquishes her maiden name, to be called by the nobler and better name of her husband, so it is conceived our village would say, if only it could speak for itself. "I know nothing of Grandacose now. Cottingham is my name ; and I am quite satisfied with it. I have no intention of changing it again."

This is not the only village with the same name. There is a Cottingham in the County of Northampton, two miles from Rockingham. That also is a place of great antiquity, and like our own village, as the name implies, was founded by the Saxons. In addition to this, there are several places with names that somewhat approximate to Cottingham ; though there is only the one just mentioned exactly the same. There is in our own county Cottingwith East, not far from Pocklington ; and Cottingwith West, about the same distance from the City of York. There is also *Collingham* in the West Riding, near Wetherby ; as well as North and South Collingham, in Nottinghamshire. In addition to these, there is *Cottenham*, near Cambridge. The late Lord Chancellor Pepys was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Cottenham. The writer of this little history, during the many years of his residence at Cottingham near Hull, could unfold many a curious tale, of the great

importance of plain writing, for the names of places in the direction of letters. A letter directed to Cottingham, with the omission of Hull or Yorkshire, is as likely to go to Northampton as to come here. And even if the correspondent forgets in his haste to cross his t's, he changes *Cottingham* into *Collingham*, and his letter goes wandering westward, and northward, and southward, to all the Collinghams in the land, before the bright thought is conceived, "*Try Cottingham.*" Some people never think of dotting their i's, which really transforms them into e's ; and others, if they write the two first syllables of our Cottingham, somewhat distinctly, they think they may safely scrawl an hieroglyphic mark for the last. By such means as these our letters are sent to Cottenham, or else they go to the two *Cottingwiths*, both east and west. Our distant friends who do not wish their letters to go where they were never intended to come, or to fall into hands for which they were never meant, will do well to remember that the *names of persons and places cannot be too plainly written.*

But to return to the name of the particular place of which we speak. Each of its three syllables suggests to us a separate idea, and a pleasing thought. We have the sheltering *Cot*, the grassy *Ing*, and the native *Ham* or home. It is conceived however, (rather unhappily for our pleasant associations) that *ket* not *cot* was originally the first syllable. Philologists tell us that this is of British origin, while the two that follow are evidently Saxon. Cottingham is a Saxon residence upon a British site. The name implies a *sheltered habitation in the meadows of Ket*. Ceridwer, or Ket, was the great female deity of the Ancient Britons. No one who has read *Trench on Words*,

can fail to confess what treasures of useful knowledge and curious information we have suffered to slip from us, by not searching more diligently into the meaning of names, and more especially into the names of places. Every place, as well as every object, has each a distinctive name, and none of them, if we could only discover it, without signification. Few employments are more instructive, and not many more interesting, than to search out the origin and the meaning of a name. Historical facts and useful information are very frequently contained in it ; and when we know the true root and genuine meaning of many names, we are furnished with information that we never forget. Many of the instances given by Trench are extremely interesting. Colonel *Negus*, in the reign of Queen Anne, is said to have been the first who mixed the beverage which goes by his name. The gallant colonel may have done something to bequeath his name to the mixture that he made, but we can none of us quite believe that wine was never mixed with water before his time. Lord *Orrery* was the first for whom an *orrery* was constructed ; and Lord Spencer first wore, or at any rate first brought into fashion, a *spencer*. *Dahl*, the Swede, introduced the cultivation of the *Dahlia*. The tontine was conceived by an Italian named Tonti ; and another Italian, *Galvani*, first noticed the phenomena of *galvanism*. A *martinet*, a *mackintosh*, and a *doily*, were severally invented by one who was so called ; while to *kyanize*, to *macadamize*, and to *burke*, are derived alike from the name of a man. The corrosive sublimate used by Mr. *Kyan*, for preserving wood from decay, will also preserve the name of the inventor from oblivion. If the application

of steam, to the purposes of locomotion, had not well nigh caused the smooth roads of Macadam to be nothing thought of, his simple idea, of breaking the stones small before they were put upon the roads, would have exalted him to the rank of a public benefactor. Very devoutly it is to be hoped, that the monster who left his name to the horrible mode of murder which he practised, will be clean forgotten in the next generation.

The names of places are still more instructive than the names of things. The preponderance of the Saxon in the name of Cottingham is very suggestive. It reminds us of this great historical fact, viz., that the English language, like those who speak it, is composed of several distinct and different elements. To use the expressive simile of the great authority on such subjects, "the warp is *Saxon*, but the woof is *Roman*; while it is interspersed with *French* embroidery, and here and there a few threads of Gaelic, or ancient British." The proportions of these different elements are thus calculated by the Dean of Westminster. "Suppose" he says, "the English language to be divided into 100 parts, of these about sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin, (including those words which have come to us through the French) and the remaining ten divided among all the other languages from which we have added single words." Britons and Romans, Saxons and Danes, and Normans, are all welded together in the English people; and every one of them has uttered his voice, and left the undoubted proof of his separate existence, in the English language.

It is in the names of places especially, that we are frequently reminded of some interesting and important fact connected with our national history. Thus, the name of

Cottingham reminds us that during the struggles of the heptarchy, and before the Norman conqueror had planted his foot on our island, the Saxons had established themselves in this district; and that the meadow which they selected for their village, had formerly been the scene of the idolatry practised by the ancient British. Sir Francis Palgrave has observed, "In Deira especially the Anglo Saxons appear to have united their own idolatry to the ministrations of a Druidical hierarchy." *Skidby* has evidently a Danish termination, and seems to indicate that about the times of Alfred the Great, the Danes had made a settlement there. *Newland* speaks for itself. It was land newly recovered from the marshes and floods by which it was formerly covered. *Dunswell*, or as it was anciently written *Douceville*, refers most probably to the springs and wells for which it was noted.

The same information may also be gathered, if we examine the names of the towns and villages that surround our Parish. Kingston-upon-Hull is the town of King Edward I, founded by him where the river *Hull* empties the tribute which it has collected from the Yorkshire Wolds into the Humber. Beverley, or *Beaver-lac*, was in ancient times a lake in which beavers abounded. *Kirk Ella* is conceived to be connected with the most memorable and important event which ever occurred in the history of the Anglo-Saxons. It is said to derive its name from that Saxon King *Ella*, or *Alla*, its ancient proprietor, who reigned over the kingdom of Deira, before the light of the gospel had banished the darkness of paganism from our benighted ancestors. The story has been often told at length, and has here only to be briefly mentioned. Gregory

was struck with the beauty of blue-eyed, fair-haired pagan children, that he beheld exposed for sale in the Roman Market. When he heard they were *Angli*, from the province of *Deira*, in the kingdom of Northumbria, and the subjects of King *Alla*, he is said to have cried out in the Latin language, "They would have been Angels not English if only they had been Christians." And drawing a favourable omen, both from the name of the province to which they belonged (*De ira*), and also from the name of the sovereign (*Alla*) whose subjects they were, he charitably inferred they must be called from *wrath*, and taught to sing *Alleluia* to the living and true God. The benevolent desire thus awakened within Gregory, for the Saxon idolators in Britain to be evangelised, did not slumber again, until it was actually granted. King *Alla* indeed died without the sight of the glorious gospel; but in his son's days the blessing came. Edwin, King of Northumbria, was the son of this *Alla*. It was to him and his people that Paulinus preached at *Goodmanham*, (only about ten miles distance from Kirk Ella) and there that memorable scene took place, when the temple of Thor was destroyed; and the Saxon idolators, with Koifi the priest of Thor to set them the example, renounced the worship of dumb idols and professed the service of the living God. Surely when we consider, that our idolatrous forefathers were brought out of darkness into marvellous light, by the preaching of Missionaries from a distant land, we, as British Christians, are strongly bound to give now freely to others, what was once so freely given to ourselves.

"Be this thy triumph, Queen of many isles,  
On this high heaven bestows benignant smiles,  
Be this thy glory, this the fairest gem  
That time has planted in thy diadem;

That thou, benighted once, till generous strangers bore  
 The lamp of life to Britain's cruel shore,  
 Now freely givest what was freely given,  
 That glorious gospel light which shows the way to heaven."

But the *names* of the larger divisions of the county, no less than the names of the surrounding villages, are all of them very significant. Cottingham is in the wapentake of Harthill, and in the division of South Hunsley Beacon. Wapentake, or *weapon take* is a name that carries us back to Saxon times, and Saxon customs. The inhabitants of a certain district had to touch or to *take* the weapon of their principal chief, in token of their subjection to his authority. Now the Wapentake of Harthill includes the hilly district of the Yorkshire Wolds, that is, the open country that is destitute of wood. In ancient times the *hart* and the deer had the free range of these uncultivated wilds; and with such tenants and in such a situation, the *lea*, or the land, was more profitable to the *huntsman*, than to any one else. In our own times, before railways or electric telegraphs were thought of, a *beacon* was placed upon the four most prominent hills of the district, to give timely notice in case of an hostile approach, to the eastern coast. If we cross the river Hull, which is the eastern boundary of our parish, we come into the Wapentake of Holderness. This name, like that of Cottingham, is made up of three separate words. Taken together, they evidently express the moist and marshy nature of the flat and dead level country which stretches out from our eastern side of Yorkshire, into the German Ocean. Chaucer, who lived so early as the reign of Edward III., in one of his tales has this couplet :—

" Lordlings, there is in Yorkshire, as I guess,  
 A marsh controe ycalled Holderness."



## CHAPTER II.

## THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF COTTINGHAM.

THE whole district of the *East Riding*, formed originally one immense and trackless forest, broken only by the numerous lakes, and sheets of water, that made an opening for the light of heaven, continually to penetrate into the surrounding gloom. Much of the original wood was destroyed by the Romans. They taught the natives to clear the forests, to drain the marshes, and to bank out the tides and floods; by the incursions of which, vast plains now clothed with flocks, and smiling with plenty, were formerly stagnant pools and barren wastes. The banks on both sides of the Humber, are supposed to have been the construction of the Romans. But in the unsettled times which followed their departure from Britain, the Humber burst its imposed bounds, and desolation resumed its original sway. Changes however, though less visible yet far mightier, than any accomplished by human agency, were secretly and silently at work, to change the face of the country. The lakes were continually diminishing in depth and contracting in extent, by the constant deposits that were brought to them, until at length they entirely disappeared. "In this manner," says Professor Phillips, "a surprising number of inland lakes have been extinguished in Holderness, and nothing remains to denote their former existence, but the deposits by which they have been filled."

A little before the Norman conquest, in the days of *Edward the Confessor*, we find one *Gamel*, the son of *Osbert*, the Saxon owner of Cottingham. After the battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066, which left William the supreme

master of England, many of the old nobility and Saxon chiefs had been cut off by the sword. This enabled the Conqueror to introduce in England the feudal system as it had been established in Normandy. He made large grants of the conquered country to his own *Norman* warriors and followers, upon condition of their providing and maintaining for the King's service, a specified number of men-at-arms. The number of the soldiers was regulated by the size of the Lordship, or the number of manors contained in the grant. For this purpose the whole country was regularly surveyed, and the result recorded in *The Domesday Book*. In this Norman survey, for the book is still in existence, (any part of it may shortly be had in zincography) the Manor of Cottingham is described as being 4 miles in length. It was granted to a Norman baron of great distinction in those times. His name was Robert *Grunde-beof*, one of William's immediate followers, and favorite warriors. The *curfew bell*, when all the Saxons were required to cover their fires, or extinguish their lamps, was one of the arbitrary appointments of William. In some parishes it is said, without any interruption, constantly to have *tolled the knell of parting day*, from the conquest until now. The curfew bell is still rung at Cottingham. I don't vouch for its having been rung with such regularity for well nigh eight hundred years. According to Camden the *Stutvilles*, or *Estovilles*, descended from the Norman baron with whom William the Conqueror had invested Cottingham. But in the annals of *Roger de Hoveden*, we have the clearest and most particular account of ancient Cottingham. This was to be expected, both from the place of his birth, and the time in which he lived. He is supposed to have been

born at Howden, (formerley Hoveden) and was a kind of secretary chaplain to Henry II. From him we learn that Robert Grundebeof held the barony that was attached to the manor of Cottingham, from the Conqueror. Upon the death of William our first ancient baron sided with Robert Duke of Normandy, and fought for him against Henry I. Robert was defeated and Henry reigned. The result was, that both the Duke and the Baron ended their days in solitary confinement. Henry gave the forfeited barony to Nigel de Aubigny. But in the reign of Henry II., Robert de Stutville put in his claim for the barony of his ancestor, against Roger de Mowbray. The contending parties came to an arrangement, but this not receiving the sanction of the King, the dispute was again revived in the reign of King John. In the year 1200, this monarch, accompanied by the queen, was entertained with great magnificence by William de Stutville, at Cottingham Castle. Upon this visit it was that the King in various ways extended his royal favour both to his noble host, and to the place where he dwelt. At the same time the hospitable sheriff, for to that office the owner of our Castle was now appointed, gave to his royal guest three thousand marks, to obtain judgment for the barony which he claimed of William de Mowbray. The great charter had not yet been obtained, nor the memorable words recorded, in the statute book of England, "*We will deny to no man, we will sell to no man, we will delay to no man, either justice or right.*" A final settlement was now made of this long lasting dispute. William Stutville renounced his claim to the barony of Mowbray; and the latter gave to the former for his homage, and the renunciation of his claim, nine knights' fees, and twelve

pounds yearly revenue. All these matters are recorded by Hoveden with the minute particularity of a living author, well acquainted with the locality of which he speaks.

This is the first royal visit ever paid to Cottingham, of which we have any record. King John was one of the worst and weakest of all our kings ; we have not therefore much reason to be proud of his visit. But, in the overruling providence of God, the worst calamities often prove the richest blessings. Both Macaulay and Creasy have clearly shown that for our unrivalled constitution, and all the blessings of civil and religious liberty, we are more indebted to the weakness and imbecility of our feeblest sovereigns, than to the sagacity and bravery of our most victorious kings. Our indignant forefathers, struggling to be free, obtained from the powerless hand of the one, the privileges and immunities which they could not wrest from the iron grasp of the other. We blush with Protestant shame when we consider that King John basely consented to hold this independent realm of England as the submissive *vassal of the Pope of Rome* ; but our hearts are warmed with patriotic fire, when we recollect that the bold barons of those times, obtained from this feeble monarch, the germ and the root of British liberty. The celebrated Magna Charta was first obtained from King John. What deep significance there is in the memorable words of the poet Akenside ; and how well they deserve to be engraved on a column of brass, on the plot of ground where the Magna Charta was signed, and which has emphatically been called the holy land of British liberty :—

“Thou who the verdant mead dost traverse here,  
Where Thames among his willows from thy view

Retires, oh, stay thee, stranger, and the scene  
 Around contemplate well. This is the place  
 Where England's ancient barons clad in arms,  
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,  
 (Then rendered tame) did challenge and secure  
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on  
 Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid  
 The thanks which God ordained as the reward  
 Of public virtue. And if chance thy house  
 Salute thee with a parent's honor'd name,  
 Go call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
 They owe their ancestors, and make them vow  
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
 The sacred rights to which themselves were born."

The name of *William de Stutville* does not appear with the great barons who signed Magna Charta. The royal party were making a progress into the north when they visited Cottingham. Having left Lincoln, they crossed the Humber from Grimsby. There was then no flourishing town or teeming thousands in Hull, to meet the royal party ; and to give them such a reception as they recently gave to Queen Victoria. At that time Hull was not built ; and the King and Queen proceeded at once from the banks of the Humber, to Cottingham Castle, or as it was then called, *Baynard's Castle*. The king was so pleased with his reception and entertainment here, that he granted several important privileges, both personally to Stutville, and locally to Cottingham. He granted a charter both for a weekly market, and a half-yearly fair to be held in Cottingham ; and while he constituted his host high sheriff of the county, he gave him permission both to embattle his castle, and fortify it with a moat. A great grand-daughter of William de Stutville married into the family of *De Wake*, and by her the manor or barony

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of Cottingham, with all the extensive property belonging to it, was conveyed to Baldwin de Wake, her son and heir.

The age of chivalry, into which we are now looking, was the age of the Crusaders. The spirit of those who earnestly longed to wrest the holy sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel, was so general, that few of the noble families of Christendom were uninfluenced by it. The noble owners of Baynard's Castle felt its power. We learn from Nicholas' historic peerage of England that Hugh Wake, lord of Liddell, in right of his wife Joan, daughter and co-heiress of Nicholas de Stutville, died at Jerusalem, A.D. 1246.

Between the first and the second royal visit that was paid to Cottingham, we have to notice a calamity, from which for a long period we have been most happily exempt. In the year 1256 there was a most extraordinary influx of the sea. The banks of the Humber were wholly unable to be any barrier to the mighty tide. Their highest tops were completely overflowed, and in many places their broadest foundations were swept all away. Not only were all the low lands rapidly turned into a vast sheet of water, but the inundation extended as far as Cottingham. The astonished cattle were swept away with the flood; and what is far more lamentable, not a few human beings were hurried away by its violence into a watery grave. When we think of the havoc and desolation that is caused by the breaking forth of water from its appointed bounds, what a significant meaning we perceive in the sacred declaration—*The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water ; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled*

*with.* Some time after this great flood, the banks of the Humber were made five feet above the ordinary high water mark. With this precaution, and with the increased facilities afforded by our improved system of draining, for rolling back through a hundred channels, all superfluous water into the broad gulf of the Humber, such a calamity has never been repeated in modern times.

In the year 1299, nearly a century after the visit of King John, Edward I. spent his Christmas with Lord Wake at Cottingham. Edward's wars with Scotland caused him repeatedly to journey northward. He confirmed, with increased privileges, the charters which had been granted by King John both to Cottingham and the owner of its Castle. It was now also that *Kingston upon Hull* received its first charter and present name. Some historians tell us, it was a very insignificant incident which led to the first foundation of the important and flourishing town of Hull.

“What great events from trivial causes spring!”

While King Edward was staying at Cottingham, he was one day engaged in the diversion of hunting. The royal monarch might have found, at that time, in these regions, nobler game to follow than that which at present our hunters pursue. He might not indeed expect from the midst of our covers, to *rouse a lion*, but he might have done better than to *start a hare*. At that early period of our history the *stag*, with his lofty antlers, bounded over the dewy plain; the *wolf* came prowling from the neighbouring wood; the *badger* went limping to his earthy burrow; the *otter* might be tracked to the fishy pool; and the sagacious *beaver* constructed his curious habitation

on the margin of the lake. It is remarkable that all these animals have left in the names of surrounding places, the undoubted evidence of their former residence in Yorkshire. Thus, in addition to *Buckrose*, and *Harthill*, we have *Wolfreton*, *Brockden*, (i e., *Badger-den*,) *Otterington*, and *Beverley*. These places are evidently so called from the *bucks*, and *harts*, and *wolves*, and *badgers*, and *otters*, and *beavers*, with which they abounded in ancient times.

The anonymous poet before quoted, has given, in one of his best lines, the ancient *fauna* of Cottingham. Then, he tells us, there were among us,

“ *Stags, wolves, and foxes, badgers, otters, hares.*”

Out of all this rich variety, it was the most insignificant among them that the conqueror of Wales and Scotland was hunting at Cottingham. We are told, the hare which he was pursuing in the neighbourhood, took a direct course on the banks of the river Hull, until it brought its royal pursuer to the place where it empties itself into the Humber. The sagacious eye of Edward detected immediately what an admirable situation was here afforded for a new town. He was as studious of the arts of peace as he was successful in feats of war; and even in his hours of relaxation was not unmindful of the best interests of his kingdom. Having therefore acquired the absolute ownership of the site, he dignified it with the name of *King's Town*, and added the words *upon Hull* to distinguish it from *Kingston upon Thames*. Determined to make it a fortified town and a great commercial port, he built a manor hall, or royal residence, and offered great privileges and immunities to all who should fix their habitations there. Mr. Frost, of Hull, jealous for the antiquity of the town of



which he is so distinguished an ornament, seems to have little faith in this story of King Edward and the hare. He does not think that the port of Hull, when Edward I. gave it its charter, was an obscure country village,—where cows were coted, where sheep were grazing, and where hares were running,—but that it was even then a haven for ships, a place of some importance, and considerable trade. Neither the ability nor the desire is possessed to argue this point with Mr. Frost. Only it is certain, which is amply sufficient—that the earliest charter granted to Kingston upon Hull is dated from the twenty-seventh year of Edward I., and was obtained while he was keeping his Christmas at Baynard Castle, the seat of Lord Wake at Cottingham, on his return to the north. From this time Hull was constituted a free borough, and in the same year the harbour was finished.

But the Wakes of Baynard Castle had not only the honor of repeated visits from the king of England, they were also allied by marriage to royalty, and from a daughter of their house, descended one of our English kings. Without going into endless genealogies, which are always tiresome and never profitable, this may be explained in a few words. Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I., married Margaret, the sister of Thomas de Wake. Joan Plantagenet, called, for her great beauty, *the fair maid of Kent*, was the issue of this union. She inherited the lordship of Cottingham, or that portion of it which is now called *Cottingham Sarum*. The reason for this name is not certain. Joan Plantagenet was affianced but never married to the Earl of Salisbury. She styled herself however, among her other titles, Lady Wake. Her

first husband was Thomas Holland, who soon became in right of his wife, *Earl of Kent*. Upon his decease she was again married to *Edward the renowned Black Prince*, and became the mother of the unhappy Richard II., King of England. It should be remembered this celebrated *black Prince* derived his name neither from any moral stain upon his character, nor for any dark hue of his complexion, but simply and purely from the *black armour* which he usually wore. Had he been a *black Prince* in either of the former senses, he would have been a very unsuitable partner for the fair maid.

The manor of Cottingham Sarum descended to the children of Joan's first husband, and remained in the hands of the Earls of Kent until 1407. The patronage however of the living was retained and exercised by her second husband the Black Prince. Of this we have a remarkable proof still existing. I allude to the brass monument in the chancel of the Church, of which a fac-simile is here given. This is not the tomb, as some have thought, of the founder of the Church. The inscription is in old English characters greatly abbreviated, and in barbarous monkish rhyme. Beneath was buried, *Nicholas de Luda a Capuchin frier, who was presented to this Rectory by Edward the Black Prince in 1364.\**

\* See the letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1794. This very interesting piece of antiquity has been beautifully restored, and returned to its proper place in the chancel, mainly through the zeal of Thomas Ringrose Voase, Esq., formerly of Cottingham, and now of Anlaby. The two or three words of the inscription which were lost have been supplied by a copy of the entire epitaph, contained in the "Dodsworth M.S.S." and preserved in the Bodleian Library. These M.S.S. are upwards of 200 years old. The epitaph was diligently sought, and carefully copied, and most courteously sent to the Author by Dr. Bandenell, the late librarian of the Bodleian.

Edward II. was repeatedly at Beverley, but nothing occurs in his disastrous reign especially referring to Cottingham. During the minority of Edward III., a regency of twelve peers was appointed to govern the kingdom. Among these we find the name of *Lord Wake*. Toward the latter end of this reign there commenced a memorable controversy, in which the ancient inhabitants of Cottingham unhappily occupy an undesirable prominence. From the very first foundation of Hull, the grand deficiency and principal drawback to its health and prosperity was felt to be, the want of wholesome and sufficient springs of fresh water. At this time the mayor and burgesses of Hull came to the King with the very complaint that the sons of the prophets once brought to the prophet Elisha with regard to their college at Jericho. "*The situation of this city, as my lord seeth, is pleasant, but the water is naught.*" They represented that the town of Hull, would, in a short time, be totally ruined, unless his Majesty could point out some method by which their want of water might be effectually relieved. The King of England could not, like the Prophet of Samaria, miraculously heal the brackish water. But he did what he could. A large canal was ordered to be cut, to convey the pure and liquid stream that bubbled up from the springs of *Cottingham, Anlaby and Hessle*, for the supply of the necessities of Hull. The inhabitants of these places could ill brook the withdrawal of their fresh water. They had no notion of impoverishing themselves for the benefit of others. They did not know that there was enough and to spare, both for themselves and their neighbours. They never thought that their own blessings would be increased and multiplied, just

in proportion to their liberality in extending them to others. However deep or wide the channel had been cut for conveying the refreshing stream to Hull, there was still a never failing supply for their own necessities at the *Spring Head*; while all the superfluous water which was carried off and drained away, would have only caused their own lands to put forth their strength, and to yield their increase an hundred fold. It is not a poetical fiction, but a sober reality, which is uttered by our great poet when he says,

"Charity is *twice* blest. It blesses him that gives  
And him that takes."

Yes, it is with all our blessings as it is with the pure water for which Cottingham has been so long and so justly renowned. When God has given us wealth or talents, or skill of any kind, the way to have the truest enjoyment of them ourselves is to lay them out for the benefit of others. If we determine that none shall be the better for our possessions, but our own selves,—under the withering influence of such wretched and selfish policy, every generous sentiment, and every comfortable feeling, will be stunted and starved, just like the produce of the marshy ground from which the water never gets well away. But if we open our hands, and open our hearts, and open our mouths, to impart around what has been committed to our trust, we shall be richly blest ourselves, and made abundantly a blessing to others.

At the period to which I refer, the art of draining was not understood by "*the rude forefathers of the hamlets*;" and I am afraid, from what is recorded of their behaviour in this matter, they understood as little the *luxury of doing good*. Year after year, the opening of

this channel proved an ever flowing source of bitterness and strife between the villagers and the town's people. Sometimes the tide of the Humber was let into the fresh water, and very frequently dead dogs and cats, and carrion of all kinds was thrown into the stream, entirely for the purpose of rendering the water of no use to the inhabitants of Hull, when it reached the town. It was a sad spirit this. I do trust we all know better than to do so now. Perhaps, as we are indebted chiefly, to the historians of Hull for the account of these transactions, they have represented the misdemeanors of our ancestors in the darkest light. Here are some particulars in the words of one of them :—

“In the spring of the year 1392, about 1000 of the inhabitants of Cottingham, Wooferton and Anlaby, and other neighbouring villages assembled in a tumultuous manner to obtain satisfaction from the people of Hull for depriving them of their fresh water. They laid siege to the town, threatening to rase it to the ground, diverted the course of the canals, and filled them up; and they also prevented provisions from being conveyed into the town from the country. Finding that they were not able to intimidate the inhabitants of Hull, they withdrew in great disorder, and encamped at Cottingham. How long they continued together, or what other acts of hostility they committed is not recorded, but at the Yorkshire Assizes following, many of them received sentence of death, and were executed, and others were pardoned on certain conditions.”\*

This severity, however, was unable either to intimidate the survivors, or to withdraw them from their evil practices. For twenty years longer the contention was prolonged. The means by which it was finally decided is most remarkable. The magistrates of Hull, finding that they had to deal with obdurate spirits, that would not be restrained by temporal punishments, resolved to appeal to a different tribunal. They actually applied to the Pope of

\* New History and Topography of the East Riding of Yorkshire. Vol. 2, p. 27.

Rome, and earnestly besought John XXI. to denounce against Cottingham and the other offending villages, the censures of the Church. The Pope, however, wonderful to be told, pursued entirely a different plan. A very moderate, wise, and solemn expostulation was sent from Rome with the Pope's signature, to our misguided and offending forefathers. He reminded them of the judgment to come, and the sad account they would have to give for their unchristian behaviour to their fellow Christians. He told them it was not too late to repent, and earnestly exhorted them to do so. The letter goes on with much to the same purpose ; and with the exception of some dark expressions about atoning for the past by their future conduct, and some of the other errors peculiar to Popery, it contains more good sense, and more sound and seasonable advice than we ever could have expected to find in a papal letter. Good advice is to be taken from whatever quarter it comes. The effects of this document, although the town of Hull had to pay dearly for it, were astonishing. After this, all attempts to corrupt or divert the waters were discontinued ; and the stern and untameable rustics, whom no severities could check, and no punishment could restrain, were gently led into childlike submission by the irresistible power of kind language and affectionate entreaty. Men wont be driven, but they may be *led*. If we deal with reasonable and accountable beings, as if they were dumb creatures without understanding, that are only to be managed with whips and goads, and by noise and harshness, they are sure to turn again, and to show that they, like ourselves, are possessed of a will ; but if we appeal to their reason and their conscience, and only succeed in

getting firmly hold of their affections,—then *with the cords of love, and with the hands of a man, even a little child might lead them.*

It does not appear that either Cottingham, or Cottingham Castle, was particularly implicated in the long and melancholy war between the house of York and Lancaster. During its progress many parts of Yorkshire were dyed with blood, and covered with slain. Indeed, it has been beautifully observed, that in this war of the roses, before they were united and blended into one, by the accession of Henry VII., each rose had actually assumed the colour of the other. The *white rose* of York had blushed red with shame, and the red rose of Lancaster had turned white with fear, at the mournful prospect of the prodigious slaughter that was made in their unhappy contest. Before it commenced the manor of Cottingham Sarum passed from Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, into the *Barrington* family. This duke was the grandson of Joan, who married the Black Prince. He forfeited his estates for rebellion in the reign of Henry IV. From the Barringtons this manor descended to Mr. Winn. He left it to his two daughters, one of whom married *Alderman Beckford* of London, and the other Mr. Tate. In the possession of their heirs the manor remained to our own times.

The object in tracing the descent of this property to the Beckfords, is to mention one or two particulars of that remarkable family. Alderman Beckford was at that time one of the richest commoners in England. He was the leader of the city of London opposition, in the stormy days of Wilkes, and the American contest. He is celebrated for a grave rebuke which he administered to George III.

while sitting upon his throne. Beckford, at that time Lord Mayor of London, was presenting a petition to the King. The Alderman died 1770. William his only son and heir was then a boy. He succeeded, it is said, exclusive of Fonthill abbey, and much other valuable property, to a fortune of £100,000 a year. His genius was still more remarkable than his fortune. At the age of nineteen he wrote in French the celebrated oriental story entitled *Vathek*, an Arabian tale. This book, which has been translated into many languages, and passed through many editions, is a strange and marvellous story. Some have pronounced it superior to the *Rasselas* of Dr. Johnson. But surely it is a great mistake. *Rasselas* will be read and admired, when *Vathek* is as completely forgotten, as the imaginary palace in which he dwelt. What is most remarkable of all, this book is said to have been written by the author at one sitting in a *single night and day*. Great genius is often allied to great eccentricity. Mr. Beckford actually built for himself in succession, almost as many magnificent palaces as were possessed by *Vathek*, the fabulous hero of his own rich and gorgeous imagination. At Cintra, in Portugal, he built for himself a palace of more than regal splendour. Soon after, it was suffered to become a ruin. Upon leaving Cintra he spent many years in transforming his paternal inheritance of Fonthill abbey into an oriental palace, and making it the more like the baseless fabric of a dream, than a solid and substantial residence, on English ground. Tiring of this, he sold the abbey with all its rarities, and everything upon which he had bestowed his labour, and retired to Bath. Here, however, his castle building mania still pursued him. Wherever we go, our



natural propensities go with us. He erected another lofty building on the eminence called Lansdown, to the north of the city. Here he lived in comparative retirement, writing and publishing an occasional volume, until the year 1844, when he died. He left two daughters. The eldest is the present Duchess of Hamilton. He does not appear, with all his wealth, or all his genius, to have been either a useful or a happy man. And for this reason—there is no evidence that he was possessed of personal religion. Without this all is vanity and vexation of spirit. In the first canto of *Childe Harold*, direct mention is made of Beckford, suggested by the poet's view of his palace in ruins at Cintra:—

“ There thou, too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest son  
Once form'd thy paradise, as not aware  
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done  
Meek peace, voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan  
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow :  
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,  
Thy lonely dwelling is as lone as thou ! ”

It would not be interesting to give any particular account of all who have possessed the three other manors, of which Benjamin Haworth, Esq., of Hull Bank, is the present owner. In the year 1407, Lord Wake dying without male issue, in the reign of Edward III., the title became extinct ; and these three manors, till then *united*, were *divided* to form a separate marriage jointure for his daughters. Each of these, either immediately or in their descendants, formed a noble alliance. Through them the manors came severally to a *duke*, an *earl* and a *viscount*,—the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Westmoreland, and the

Lord Powis. Thus it was that these three portions acquired the names, which they still retain, of *Cottingham Richmond*, *Cottingham Westmoreland*, and *Cottingham Powis*. In the reign of Elizabeth all these three manors had reverted to the crown, though Leyland says before that time. They were sold in the reign of Charles I., no doubt to stop up some of the many gaps of that needy and unhappy monarch. After several changes and repeated sales, they were purchased in 1768, by General Burton. From him they descended to his son, Captain Richard Burton. He died without issue, and the property came to his sister, Mrs. Burton, the wife of General Christie Burton. Mr. Blaydes Haworth bought them of General C. Burton, and left them to his nephew, Mr. Benjamin Haworth, their present owner.

There is yet another *manor* in our Parish which must not be entirely omitted. I mean the *Rectory Manor*, of which the Bishop of Chester is the lord. The origin of this leads us at once to a very memorable and most interesting page in the history of England. The see of Chester, with that of four or five others, was then first formed. The others were *Gloucester*, *Peterborough*, *Oxford*, *Bristol* and *Westminster*. Westminster was since suppressed; but in our own times it has been revived again in a papal form to make a diocese for Cardinal Wiseman! When Henry VIII. quarrelled with the Pope, and suppressed all the monasteries in the kingdom, the joints of society were thoroughly relaxed, by that vast and gigantic change. Cromwell was the king's political adviser in these great measures. He seems to have been astonished by the greatness of the confusion that ensued. It has been said of him

by a very clever writer,—“ He felt the state rocking about him, and suggested the sale of the abbey lands and tithes, at easy prices, to the nobles and gentry, that by this means the leading persons in every county might be pledged to support the new order of things, *and be tied by the tooth!*” A poor tie this, by which to be bound to religion! If a man is only bound to his religion by the tooth, we may depend upon it for the sake of his tooth, he will break the tie and change his religion. For a morsel of bread that man will offend. So, however, it was. Popish lands made Protestant landlords; and thus the *lay impropriator*, a character hitherto almost unknown, took his beginning. But there were those about King Henry, with juster views and higher designs. To use the words of Professor Blunt, “ They felt that church endowments in general, and tithes in particular, were goods set apart for the promotion of religion from time immemorial. The possessor of a manor had erected upon it a Church, and charged it for ever with the maintenance of a man whose business it should be to teach the people upon it the law of God; thus acknowledging on his own part, his tenure to be under God: the land his, and himself a stranger and a sojourner in it. This was the origin of parishes—the parish being almost invariably co-extensive with the manor.” It is more than 1200 years since England was first divided into parishes. (It was by Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 636.) Cranmer and his colleagues would gladly have preserved the church property, and devoted it all, as originally intended, to the promotion of *religion, education, and charity*. But much of the land was alienated before they came into power. They did, however, what they could, though not

what they would. On the breaking up of the papal ship, they were still on the watch, to save what they could from the wreck, and to construct out of it, at any rate a life boat, in which the souls of men might be safely conveyed through the waves and storms of this troublesome world, to the shore of everlasting rest. Thus it was that provision was made out of a small portion of the tithes and abbey lands, for the five new bishops sees. A part of what belonged to the priory of Haltemprise was made over to the new bishopric of Chester; and here was the commencement of the *rectorial manor*.

Having come to the Reformation, we seem to have passed from ancient to modern history, and another subject must now engage our attention.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDINGS OF COTTINGHAM.

IN speaking of the most remarkable buildings of Cottingham, we must refer to some which have entirely disappeared, without leaving a single stone to testify of their ancient grandeur. Formerly we had, in addition to our noble parish Church, both a fortified Castle, and a celebrated Priory. Our history of Cottingham would be very imperfect without a particular notice of all these.

#### ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

We begin with the Parish Church. This is the only fabric which still remains, in almost all its original perfection. And long may it remain, pointing with its heaven directed tower to those higher skies, where storms and tempests are alike unknown, and change and decay can

never come. There was no doubt a parish Church in Cottingham, and it is believed on the present site, several hundred years before the present structure arose. The spacious and substantial Church which we now behold, has braved for nearly 600 years the wintry wind, and the summer's sun. It was built in the year 1272, that is, the very year in which Edward I. began his long and prosperous reign. The style of architecture is a combination of the *early English* and the *perpendicular*.

In the thousand years that rolled away from the conversion of the Saxons, to the time of the Reformation, we have no less than eight different styles of anglian Church architecture. All our cathedrals and ancient parish churches are built after one or more of these different styles. First we have the *Anglo-Saxon* style, with its plain round arch, and its rough rude wall. This lasted from the year 600 to 1066, the year of the conquest. Then comes the *Anglo Norman*, for about a century, with its *semi-circular arch*, and zig-zag mouldings. After this we have the *transition* or *semi Norman*. Its distinguishing feature is the connection of the pointed or gothic arch with the round or Norman one. This only lasted about 40 years. The transition was soon made. And no wonder. When once the beautiful *Gothic arch* was seen in conjunction with the *round one*, we are not surprised that the former remained, and the latter was banished. This *transition* style made way for the early *English* or *Lancet*. And now we are come to the style and period of Cottingham Church. Some of our noblest *gothic structures* were erected at this period, and after this style. The arches are generally pointed, something after the form of a lancet.

It lasted nearly a century, from the first Richard to the first Edward, at the beginning of whose reign our Church was built. The *windows* and *buttresses* which identify this style, might have been copied from our Church. It is remarkable that architects have fixed upon 1272, the very year when Cottingham Church was built, as the close of *the early English style*. This however, only applies to the *body of the Church*, and *not to the chancel*. There followed the *decorated* style for another 100 years. Of this there are no traces in any part of our Church, except the mouldings of one blank window, at the east end of the transept, on the south side of the Church. But the windows of the chancel are evidently of the *perpendicular* style, which succeeded to the *decorated*. You observe in the chancel windows, the mullions are continued up through the head of the arch, which is not the case with the others. They were evidently constructed at a later period. As there is nothing either of the *Tudor* or of the *debased style* in our Church, I need not say anything about them. Beautiful architecture is one of the redeeming features of the dark ages. Whatever else was then unknown, this was thoroughly understood. For a long period so much was thought of the *material fabric*, that the spiritual building was well nigh forgotten. At the time of the reformation this order was completely reversed. So intent were the reformers upon the purity of the worship, that the style of the architecture was never considered. In the reign of Edward III. ecclesiastical architecture had well nigh reached its highest perfection. These Gothic structures, for so they are called, abound more in England than in any other country. The impression produced on the

the mind upon entering a Cathedral Church is conceived to bear some analogy to the religious worship intended to be offered within it. We are awed with the vastness of the design, and delighted with the beauty of its accomplishment ; while one succession of light and shadow, and the transition from sombre gloom to splendid radiance, appeals to the senses in the most powerful manner.

It is conceived when the builders had perfected the beauty of our parish Church, the roof of the chancel rose nearly as high as the roof of the Church. Without any skill in architecture, a single glance is sufficient to convince us what an admirable finish such an elevation of the chancel roof would give to the whole structure. If this were accomplished, as to its outward formation, the parish Church would be perfect, and I have no doubt either as it once was, or as it was designed to be, by its noble founders.\*

All who visit our Church are especially struck with its lofty, embattled, and pinnacled tower. Its proportions are indeed very admirable. Such a tower is not often to be seen. It combines beauties that are most difficult to unite. It is massive, but not heavy ; graceful, but not finical. Well would it be for us all, if we could ever unite, in our style of character, and our style of speech, what we see so happily blended in the tower of our Church. I mean solidity and elegance, unbending firmness and graceful ease.

\* A few years ago the little square chamber, with stucco battlements, that disfigured the south porch, was entirely removed ; and according to the design of a skilful architect, the porch has been properly restored. For this improvement we are mainly indebted to Thomas Ross, Esq., of Harland Rise.

In the year 1845, assisted by a grant of £200 from *The Incorporated Society for Rebuilding and Enlarging Churches and Chapels in England and Wales*, this Church, as to its internal arrangements, was completely restored, at the cost of £1,500, raised entirely by voluntary contributions. It contains altogether about 1100 sittings, all of which are entirely free, although for the sake of convenience, many of the seats are allotted to the families who require them.

About three years after the Church had been completely restored, there appeared, in the form of fungi, springing up in different parts of the Church, the unmistakeable tokens of the *dry rot*. Sufficient provision had not been made for currents of fresh air beneath the floor. Very rapid was the progress of this secret and insidious foe. In a short time the nature of the wood was completely gone; seat after seat began to decay; and it was not unusual to see a living fungus, as white and as large as a common plate, displaying its unwelcome face, in the courts of the Lord's house. But special friends are raised up for special occasions. By the untiring energy, and noble generosity of the late John Cowie Williamson, Esq., one of the churchwardens, this sad calamity was completely mastered. Nothing but the floor was destroyed; and all the carved work of the sanctuary was preserved. By the free use of corrosive sublimate, and making ample provision for currents of air to pass under the floor, the terrible invader has been completely banished.

#### BAYNARD CASTLE.

Dont, gentle reader, fall into the very common and



natural error, of confounding the ancient Castle of the Stutvilles and the Wakes, with the modern Cottingham Castle which was built by Mr. Thompson about seventy years ago, and which unhappily took fire last May. It is quite natural to suppose that the modern Castle rose out of the ruins, or rather out of the ashes, of the ancient Castle. But this supposition is entirely wrong. The modern Castle is in no way connected with the ancient one. It stands in a different locality. If you would visit the site of the ancient Castle, you must pass by the ivy clad mansions at the extreme west end of Cottingham; and there in the garden, amid herbs, and fruits, and flowers, that now luxuriate upon the mouldering heaps of ancient grandeur, with pains and care you may trace both the moat and the dyke by which this celebrated fortress was once defended. It has already been mentioned that King John gave permission to William de Stutville to transform his manor house at Cottingham into a fortified Castle. This permission was afterwards confirmed by the first Edward to Thomas de Wake. The Castle was moated and embattled, and provided with a garrison. For many years this noble mansion continued a distinguished specimen of feudal pomp and magnificence,

“ For plenty there a residence had found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.”

There is a romantic story told about the burning of the ancient Castle of Cottingham, which has been so repeatedly published, that writers alike, both grave and gay, have not hesitated to record an imaginary fiction, as an historical fact. A fable may be both amusing and instructive, although it is purely a fable. But when writers of

fiction wish to pass off their own inventions as veritable history, if they are over particular in describing localities, and fixing dates, they are certain to betray themselves. This is the story which is told of the demolition of the ancient Castle of Cottingham. When Henry VIII. was in Hull, he heard everybody extolling the singular beauty of Lady Wake, of Baynard Castle. He was never indifferent to such a subject, and resolved to see for himself this celebrated beauty. He despatched therefore a messenger from Hull to inform Lord Wake, that on the morrow his Sovereign would be his guest at the Castle, which in former times had given entertainment to Kings. This was terrible news to the noble owners. He who made so little scruple in dismissing his wives or cutting off their heads—(but it was all, Mr. Frowd tells us, for the good of his people!)—he who did this was not likely to be restrained from sin, by the command which forbade him to covet his neighbour's wife. The Wakes saw the snare, and determined to avoid it. It was impossible for them to decline the honor of the proposed visit; and yet Lord Wake was persuaded it could not be paid, except at the fearful risk of everything which in this world he prized the most. What is the preservation of his castle to the preservation of his wife? What is the loss of property to the loss of honor, the loss of peace, the loss of innocence? They are of one mind; and they have both determined what to do. Shrouded under the veil of night, Lord and Lady Wake have hastily departed from their much loved residence; while their faithful steward is instructed, as soon as they are gone, to set fire to the Castle. So faithfully does he obey his orders, that when the morn-

ing sun is preparing as usual to gild with light the turrets and lattices of the time honored mansion, lo! it has been consumed by the devouring element, and there is nothing but the blackness of ashes to mark where it stood. When the King awakes next morning, he is told that Baynard Castle has been accidentally burnt down. His intended visit is now rendered absolutely impossible. Whatever were his vices, avarice had certainly no place among them. He shows his sympathy by offering the unfortunate nobleman £2,000 towards rebuilding his Castle; but this munificent offer is politely declined, and the Castle was not rebuilt.

We must admit that this is a delightful story, and we feel almost sorry that so beautiful a romance should have so little foundation of solid truth upon which to rest. Like other creations of fancy, the closer we follow it, the further it recedes into the shade; and upon a thorough investigation it entirely vanishes. The first author of this enchanting little tale, by his unfortunate particularity as to *dates* and *names*, has betrayed its fictitious origin. If he had made the time of his story about 150 years further back; had told of Edward IV. what he relates of Henry VIII., and had made his heroine a descendant of the last Lord Wake who inherited his property, and lived at the Castle, —had this been the case, there might have been some credit attached to his story, and some difficulty in proving it fiction. The Castle was certainly the residence of the Lord Wakes from the first to the third Edward; while evidence is not wanting to prove that eventually it was consumed by fire. But now observe how utterly impossible it is to reconcile this oft-told tale, with positive fact, and undoubted history. To say nothing of the extinction of

Lord Wake's title so long before ; *Leyland*, with his itinerry staff, and the few words which he has uttered about Cottingham, breaks the charm, and dissolves the enchantment. He journeyed to Cottingham in 1538. These are his words :—

“ I saw where the Stutville's Castelle, dobell diked, and moated, stode, of the which now nothing remaynith. The lands of this Signorie and Lordship greatly privileged cam of later times by division into four partes, whereof now a late the King had one parte, the Countess of Soresby another, the Earl of Westmoreland the three, and the Lord Poys the four, at this tyme the King hath all saving the Lord Poys part. At this present tyme ley four sundry meane fermer's houses, as one for each of the four Lordes, within the Castelle Garth:”

In like manner Camden, in 1590, speaks of Lord Wake's Castell at Cottingham, as being evidently an ancient ruin. He describes it as “*now utterly fallen to ruine.*”

This testimony, I conceive, to be not only hard to refute, but impossible to overthrow. It is not improbable that some Knight, after the reign of Edward III., who married a descendant of Lord Wake, might reside at the Castle, and be called *Lord Wake* by courtesy, though not a peer of the realm. We know that *John Wake*, a descendant of the family, was created a Baronet by James I. in 1621. But upon further enquiry, and closer consideration, I am compelled by the force of evidence, to consider the tale which has so often been told respecting Henry VIII. and Cottingham Castle, as an entire fiction, and not a very ingenious one either. The circumstance of there being a picture of the burning of the ancient Castle in the possession of the late Mr. Thompson, who built the modern Castle, weighs nothing against the testimony of *Leyland*. Painters, like poets, generally accomplish their happiest efforts, when their productions are purely imaginative. Still

however, substantial and important truth may be learnt from the simplest fable, or the most unfounded fiction. Let us all act as this imaginary Lord Wake is recorded to have done on this occasion. Let us seek security by avoiding temptation; and never hesitate which to keep, when either our virtue or our substance must inevitably be sacrificed.

### THE PRIORY.

This was first built, and stood for a short time, in the fields belonging to Mr. Ringrose, in Northgate, near the railroad. These fields are still called *The Priory Fields*, and the modern farm house which has been erected upon them, is in good keeping with the name they bear. Traces of the ancient Priory are still to be found in the grass fields on either side of the street. A few years ago, the original seal of the Priory was dug up in Burn Park farm. The impression of it is given in Tickhell's History of Hull. The title of the land on which the Priory was first built being disputed, all the brethren, under the direction of their chief, removed to Haltemprise. The farm house now occupied by Mr. Ellyard, and belonging to the Hon. Colonel Onslow, stands on the ground where once arose this celebrated Priory. Different derivations are given of the name of Haltemprise. *Prisage*, in ancient times, was a toll demanded by the King, upon every cargo of wine that came into port. This privilege was occasionally conferred by the Sovereign in the way of charter, either to individuals or religious houses. It is therefore suggested that some charter of this kind, originally claimed by our Priory, gave it its name. However this may be, it was founded in 1324, by Thomas, Lord de Wake. He endowed it with several

lands and liberties, and many others followed his example, and increased the wealth of the institution. A *priory* differs from an *abbey* only in being smaller, and less dignified. Both were monasteries, or a convent for monks or nuns. A prior was the governor of the one ; but an abbot that of the other. Haltemprise Priory was for a limited number of *Augustine friars* ; that is, brethren who observed the discipline and order appointed by him whose name they bore. A true Protestant can only regard the monastic institution with unmingled dread, and unmitigated dislike. The whole system was radically pernicious. For the most part it sprung from superstition, it was nourished by ignorance, and its bitter fruits were idleness and sensuality. Christians are required to *overcome* the world, not to fly from it. Instead of immuring themselves up within the walls of a convent, and binding themselves down to uncommanded austerities, by the faithful discharge of every social and family duty, they are *to shine as lights in the world*. It is by no means intended, that there have not been, notwithstanding their superstition and credulity, both pious monks and virtuous nuns. It is admitted too, that the dark ages, before the invention of printing, were indebted for the little learning that was abroad, and the few books that existed, to the *monk and the monastery*. But when we think that these *religious houses*, as they were called, were the strong holds of popery, that they were the birth-place of all the monkish fables and lying wonders which were foisted upon the people instead of the Word of God ; and when we think moreover of the dreadful disclosures which were made when they were visited by King Henry's commissioners,—surely if we do not love darkness rather

than light, we shall never wish to see them again rebuilt. They look beautiful in ruins ; and, like animals which have to be slain before they can be relished, we have more satisfaction in looking at the monastic ruin, than the actual monastery. We had rather see its cells surrendered to the bats and the owls, than occupied by monks and nuns ; we had rather see its desolate halls a portion for foxes, than hear them resound with the revelry and the song of the dark ages ; and we should prefer greatly to see its broken battlements mantled with ivy, and ready to fall, instead of circling smoke issuing from the chimney of the peopled priory.

Haltemprise Priory continued in existence from its first foundation under Edward II., to its final dissolution under the last Henry. Its first prior was Thomas de Overton. From him there were sixteen priors in succession. You must not suppose that all these were such meek and peaceable men as abbots and priors are generally represented in works of fiction. A scene took place at our Priory in the year 1515, which deserves to be recorded. If proof were needed, it would prove abundantly that neither the *hood* of a monk, nor the walls of a convent, nor the moat that surround it, can shut out an angry and revengeful spirit from the heart. Our Prior had quarrelled with the Sheriff of Hull. I need not relate the ground of the quarrel. The Sheriff approached with 200 men ; the Prior raised his tenants and armed his monks. Abusive language was uttered, and then a cruel battle was the result. For some time, says the historian, they fought with alternate success, and victory fluctuated from side to side ; till at length the monks gave way, and fled for sanctuary

to their Priory. The Sheriff and his party pursued, threatening to pull down the building. The threatening would most likely have been fulfilled, but for the timely arrival of the Mayor of Hull, with a troop of horse. In 1541 the site was given or sold to *Thomas Culpepper*, and afterwards granted to the *Ellerker* family, through which it has come to its present owner. It must not however be thought that nothing good could either live or breathe within the walls of a monastery, or the enclosure of a priory. I have real pleasure in giving the following translation from the *Quarterly Review*, of a beautiful morning hymn, which is said to have been chanted by Saxon monks in many an ancient monastery of former times :—

"Now that the sun is shining bright,  
Implore we bending low,  
That He the uncreated light,  
May guide us as we go.

No sinful deed or word of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
But simple truth be on our tongue,  
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,  
O Christ securely fence,  
Out gates beleaguered by the foe,  
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,  
Our daily toil may tend,  
May all be sanctioned by Thy Word,  
And with Thy favour end."

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MOST CELEBRATED CHARACTERS OF COTTINGHAM.

The first famous person to be mentioned here is

NICHOLAS DE LUDA.

This is the Rector of Cottingham, whose epitaph and effigy are still to be seen in the chancel of our Church, and of which a fac-simile is here given. *Luda*, is *Louth*, in Lincolnshire. From its vicinity to the *Lud*, a small stream formed by the junction of two rivulets, such was the ancient Latin name of the modern Louth. It was distinguished before the Reformation for the number of its





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religious houses. Very various and perplexing are the published accounts given of this highly interesting and most perfect brass. Tickell, in his *History of Hull*, gives the inscription both imperfectly and incorrectly. He says moreover, "the stone is without date, but is doubtless nearly as ancient as the Church itself; as it appears to have been placed there to preserve the memory of the person who erected it." On the other hand, if we turn to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1797, in a very interesting letter on Cottingham, we have these words :—"Nigh the altar rail is a tomb stone of a Capuchin friar, Nicholas de Luda, who was presented to this Rectory by Edward the Black Prince in 1364." Who would have supposed that Tickhell, and Mr. Urban's correspondent, were describing the same monument? But we have only to read the inscription, in order to see that the date is clearly mentioned; and that the writer of the letter is more correct than the historian of Hull. As the epitaph may be read from the fac-simile of it, the translation is only necessary to be given. It is conceived that the sense of it is contained in these lines :—

Here Nicholas of Louth beneath is laid,  
 Entomb'd within the chancel that he made!  
 Both Rector and erector; may he rest  
 In peace, and to eternity be blessed!  
 For Christ, and for His Church, his zeal and love  
 Prebendal stalls in rich abundance prove;  
 Yonder in Beverley they meet thy view,  
 Nor there alone, in distant Sarum too.  
 He fed the hungry, kindly helped the poor,  
 Contending neighbours reconciled once more;  
 He cloth'd the naked; for his hands restor'd  
 Each varied talent doubled to his Lord;  
 But since on earth immaculate is none  
 Mary for him propitiate thy Son!

He departed this life, June 6, 1383.

If the Latin be bad and the verse sad, the theology of the concluding line is worst and saddest of all. Our painful feelings are not excited until we come to the very end of all. All that goes before, though rudely expressed, leads us to hope, that he whose ashes are slumbering beneath, was both a good and a useful, a generous and devoted man. But the concluding request most painfully reminds us, that though the morning star of the Reformation had even then arisen, and Wickliffe was boldly protesting against papal delusion, still darkness had covered the land, and gross darkness the people. The last line of this epitaph embodies the two cardinal errors of the papal system. It exalts the Virgin to the throne of the Mediator, arraying her with the attribute of mercy, where-with to appease the ever blessed Redeemer; while at the same time it deceives and beguiles mankind with asserting the doctrines of purgatory, for which there is not the slightest warrant in the Holy Scriptures. Some may look kindly upon this, and call it sentimental and pretty. But he who knows and believes from the infallible standard of eternal truth that there is *one Mediator between God and man*, and that *where the tree falleth there it shall lie*; he, I say, can only regard such sentimentality with unmingled pain and heaviness of heart. It is some relief to think that the generous builder of our beautiful chancel did not write his own epitaph. He was doubtless embued with the superstition of the age in which he lived; and every possible allowance must be made for him, when we look at the prevailing darkness. But I for my part, will cling to the pleasing hope, that Nicholas de Luda, for nineteen years the rector of the Church, and

the first erector of the chancel, who in a dark age fed the hungry, clothed the naked, reconciled the contentious, and so liberally expended his wealth for the good of others, was really possessed of "*the root of the matter*;" and I will lay all the blame, or the principal part of the blame, of that which I deplore in his epitaph, upon the shoulders of the dull monk who wrote it. There would be everything to encourage, and nothing to forbid this charitable hope, if only the last two lines of the epitaph might have been translated thus :—

But since on earth, the holiest must despair,  
Fly to the cross, and seek salvation there. \*

The chancel of the Church was either entirely rebuilt, or else originally added to the Church by this Nicholas about 100 years after the Church itself had been rebuilt by Osbert Stutville. This accounts most wonderfully for the difference that we see in the style of architecture in the Church and in the chancel; while it accords exactly with the words of the inscription. We are not told that he was the builder of the Church, but only of the dome beneath which his ashes are reposing.

\* I have much pleasure in giving a version of the epitaph purged alike from false quantities in the verse, and false theology in the sense. Everything admits of emendation and a Scriptural meaning, but the Maryolatry of the last line. *That which is crooked cannot be made straight.* This line therefore alone has been expunged, and another substituted for it. The Rev. John Overton, Rector of Sessay, has sent me the following more classical and scriptural version of the epitaph :—

Hujus erat Rector Domi et hic Nicholaus humatur,  
Rector et erector; de Luda: usq. esto beatns!  
Porro vices Christi gestans dedit Ecclesaii  
Præbendas sex Iste Beverlaicæ, quoq. Sarum.  
Impastos pavit; rixantes pacificavit;  
Nudos ornavit: sic foenore rem geminavit!  
Sed quia labe carens, sub cœlo nullus habetur,  
Haud mora quære crucem, nam crux dat sola salutem.

In the translation given above, the two last lines may be altered thus :—

But since on earth the holiest must despair  
Fly to the cross, and seek salvation there!

THE BLACK PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE FAIR MAID  
OF KENT.

This illustrious pair were alike intimately connected with Cottingham; and the romantic history of them both together, cannot fail to interest us greatly. Edward, Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, was the eldest son of Edward III. He first saw the light at the palace of Woodstock, June 15, 1330. The great beauty of this infant, his size, and the texture of his limbs, filled every one with admiration who saw him. His mother, the virtuous Queen Philippa, like a true mother, nursed him herself. It is well known that the portraits of the lovely young Queen and her princely boy formed the favorite model for the Virgin and child at that period. As he grew up to maturity the manly graces of his person were only surpassed by the heroic mould of his mind, and prodigious exploits of his sword. We cannot wonder that a Prince so richly endowed with everything attractive in that age of chivalry, should have arrested the attention of the most celebrated beauty of the day. A long attachment is said to have existed between the valiant Prince, and his beautiful cousin, *the fair maid of Kent*. She was the daughter of his uncle Edmund, Earl of Kent. The young lady had been contracted from her childhood, first to Sir Thomas Holland, and afterwards to Lord Montacute, the heir, and successor of the first Earl of Salisbury. Still, however, she remained unmarried until her 25th year. Queen Philippa especially had a strong objection to the marriage of her son with his cousin. In addition to the double bar of consanguinity, and a previous contract, the good Queen does not appear to have been satisfied on other accounts

with the fair maid of Kent. Froissart, the Queen's secretary, and the minute chronicler of that age, informs us that her objection to the union of Edward with his cousin Joan, arose solely from disapprobation of the character of that Princess. There is no authentic history to prove that the suspicions of the Queen were well founded. After vainly waiting for the royal consent to her marriage with the heroic Prince, she relinquished all the bright dreams of ambition and love which she had dared to cherish in that quarter, and gave her hand to Sir Thomas Holland, while the Prince still remained unmarried. But even her first marriage was not accomplished without peculiar difficulty. A contract was produced in their favor both by Sir Thomas Holland, and Lord Montacute, heir to the Earldom of Salisbury. The dispute was referred to the court of Rome, and Clement VI. decided in favor of the contract which had been first made. By this decision the second contract with the heir of Salisbury was disannulled—it should not be called as it constantly is by the chroniclers a divorce—and the fair maid of Kent became the wife of Sir Thomas Holland. Soon after her marriage, by the death of her brother, the Earl of Kent, without issue, she became *Countess of Kent in her own right*. In the course of three or four years more, by the death of her husband, Lord Holland, she was left a widow with three children. Many of the illustrious chieftains who served under Edward III., quitted the busy scene of life about the same time. They returned from their foreign conquests to die in their native land. Lord Holland was among the number of these. His

Countess was still both young and beautiful, and in possession of larger domains than any woman within the British dominions.

When the days of mourning for her husband were past, it was impossible for the widowed Countess to remain in obscurity. Her royal birth, her signal beauty, and her extensive wealth, made her an object of powerful attraction, to the greatest and noblest of the land. The influence of the Black Prince is said to have been exerted on behalf of one of his noble friends, who aspired to the possession of the royal beauty. But his fair cousin had nothing but a deaf ear, and a decisive negative for the Black Prince, when he pleaded the suit of his friend. It was very different when shortly after he pleaded for himself. It seemed as if the spirit of departed time was again awakened within each of their breasts; and the wild aspirations of youth, once so bright and so strong, but which duty had taught them to suppress and restrain, had again started up in them both, with all their original ardour and strength. Neither the King nor the Queen thought it right any longer to oppose the wishes of their heroic son in this matter. Every scruple was removed, and every obstacle was overcome. The marriage between Edward, Prince of Wales, and Joan, his cousin, both Countess of Kent and Lady Wake, and widow of the late Lord Holland, was celebrated in the presence of the Queen, October 10, 1361. A dispensation was procured from Rome to allow their union. Three years after this date, the Prince presented the rectory of Cottingham to Nicholas de Luda. Two sons were born to the Black Prince by Joan, his wife, *Edward* of Angouleme, and *Richard*.



The first died in early youth, 1371; and the other succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., to the crown of England; by the title of Richard II. The seeds of those high and noble qualities are said to have appeared in him that was taken, which were never developed in him that was left.

It would require a large book, rather than a short section, in which to record the exploits of the Black Prince. His life has been written in two volumes, by a popular writer,\* and dedicated to the Queen. This book the author calls, "The history of a great and amiable Prince, who, while by his private virtues, he adorned our common nature, by his public services and noble qualities, raised to the highest point, the glory of his country, and illustrated an illustrious race." Still more unqualified is the language of Hume concerning him. "He left," says the historian, "a character illustrious for every eminent virtue, and from his earliest youth, to the hour he expired, unstained by any blemish!" When the philosophical historian was penning this sentence, the eulogist of our Nicholas could have whispered in his ear

"Sed quia *labe carens* sub cœlo nullus habetur!"

In addition to this, had he still been alive, Miss Strickland, in her English Queens, could now teach him a better lesson. "History," she says, "unlike poetry or romance, seldom permits us to portray a character *approaching to perfection*. Truth compels us to display the same person by turns, merciful or ferocious, generous or acquisitive, according to the mutability of human passion." We have no wish to take away anything from the due praise of this royal hero. The

\* James's History of the Black Prince.

historian proceeds to add, "His valor and military talents formed the smallest part of his merit. His generosity, humanity, affability, and moderation gained him the affections of all men; and he was qualified to throw a lustre, not only on the rude age in which he lived, and which no wise affected him with its vices, but on the most shining period of ancient or modern history." This indeed is very high praise. We have only, however, to recall the battle of Cressy and Poitiers, to be convinced that it is not without foundation. It was in the battle of Cressy, that while showing prodigies of valor, he received the animating message from his father, that all the honor of the day should be his. When the victory was gained, the King his father, embraced him and said, "Valiently, my brave son, have you acquitted yourself to day." In this battle the King of Bohemia was slain, and the victorious Prince adopted at once both the ostrich feathers, and the motto which belonged to his fallen foe, "*I serve.*" Ever since, the *three feathers* and the *two words* have been the armorial bearing of the Prince of Wales.

Still more honorable to the youthful hero was the battle of Poitiers. Here it was that after a great victory over an immensely superior host, he took captive John, King of France; and treated his royal captive with such respectful deference, that he stood behind him during the repast like an attendant in waiting. When requested to sit down with the royal captive at the banquet, the Prince replied, he was only a subject, and he knew his place too well to use any undue familiarity with a superior, whom the chances of war had brought under his protection. True politeness, and a

delicate consideration of the feelings of others, which is the essence of chivalry, is never displayed without calling forth our admiration. Very beautiful is the reflection of the historian upon the behaviour of the Black Prince at this time. "All his father's pretensions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion. John in captivity received the honors of a King, which were refused him when seated on a throne. His misfortunes, not his titles, were respected; and the French prisoners, conquered by this elevation of mind, more than by their late discomfiture, burst into tears of admiration; which were checked only by the reflection that such genuine and exalted heroism, must certainly in the issue prove but the more dangerous to their native country." After all his conquests and laurels, the last years of this most famous Prince were clouded with sorrow, and darkened with calamity.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

His eldest son was cut off in his early youth. He was deceived and impoverished by those for whom he had so freely lavished both the lives and the treasures of England. Nearly all his conquests on the Continent were wrested from his country, while he who won them was prostrated before a lingering sickness, which deprived him of all his energies, and at length brought him to the grave in the forty-sixth year of his reign, and before the death of the King his father. Those however who had the greatest reason to tremble at his power, and to deplore his success, were constrained to own, "The valiant and gentle Prince of Wales was the flower of all the chivalry in the world at that time."

Neither was the last end of the Princess of Wales, with all her beauty, all her wealth, and all the honors and dignities which she had attained, less deplorable, as to outward circumstances. She is reported to have been a convert of Wickliffe, to whom she was introduced by her uncle, "John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," his known and open protector. When her son Richard II. had succeeded his grandfather Edward III., and was happily married to Anne of Bohemia, the new doctrine of the early reformers had several noble supporters in high places. The good Queen Anne, as the English called her, was deeply indoctrinated with it; and was commended, after her short enjoyment of royal dignity, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached her funeral sermon, for having constantly read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. She had not breathed in vain the native air of John Huss. When the life of Wickliffe was greatly imperilled at the council of Lambeth in 1382, the united influence both of the mother and the wife of the King was amply sufficient to intimidate his adversaries and to preserve him from their malice. But now comes the sad and painful tragedy which broke the heart, and terminated the life of the sorrow-stricken Princess of Wales. Lord Stafford was a brave and virtuous noble, and for these qualities was high in favour with Queen Anne. The King being in Scotland had employed Stafford to bear his dispatches to the Queen. He was fulfilling this mission, when for some trifling and unintended provocation, he was treacherously slain by Sir John Holland, the impetuous son of the Princess of Wales, by her first husband. The guilty homicide,

stained with the blood of his noble victim, took sanctuary at the shrine of St. John of Beverley. The grief of the Earl of Stafford for the murder of his son, was as deep as his cries for justice upon his murderer were loud. To that grief and these cries were added the atrocious circumstances under which the crime was committed. These things combined, induced the King to declare, that Sir John, although his brother—they had both one mother—should be delivered up to justice, as soon as he left the sanctuary. The Princess of Wales was completely overwhelmed. In vain did she plead with one of her sons to spare the life of the other. She knew that he was guilty, and yet she begged hard—(can we blame her ?)—that his life might be spared. Overwhelmed with horror at the crime of her son, and unable to think upon his fearful doom, there was now no more spirit left in her. The sword of the murderer had pierced her to the heart, and she could not survive the terrible blow. After four days of incessant lamentation, she expired at the royal castle of Wallingford. To her it was really a *wailing ford*. The resolution of the King failed him at this catastrophe ; and when it was too late to save his mother, he spared his brother. She accomplished, after her departure, by her mournful death, what she could not obtain while living, by her earnest entreaties. In accordance with the spirit of the age, the guilty homicide set out from the sanctuary of Beverley, upon an atoning pilgrimage to the east.

#### DR. SAMUEL WINTER AND OTHERS.

We need not scruple to class Dr. Samuel Winter among the distinguished ornaments of Cottingham. He

was Vicar of the parish for about eight years, from 1642 to 1650. It is recorded of him he preached twice every Lord's day in public, expounded the chapters which he read, and catechized the young people. In the evening he repeated his sermons in his own family, to which many of his neighbours resorted. On the week days he went from house to house, instructing the ignorant, admonishing the careless, and multitudes had cause to bless God for his painful labours. He did not finish his days at Cottingham, but from here he removed to Dublin, and was made Provost of Trinity College, in that city. Wherever he went he was always the same man, and never failed to be made a blessing. It is said of him that he could bear contradiction and reproach without the least resentment. He was a hard student to the last; very careful to redeem his time, and a strict sanctifier of the Lord's day. He died in Rutlandshire in the year 1666. He was worn out by his abundant labors and untiring zeal. He was a burning and a shining light; a true *candle*, wasting himself away to enlighten others. He said on his death bed, "*The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up.*" He was one of those singularly favored and eminent Christians, who have a rich foretaste of Heaven, before they leave the earth, and who pass from the land of Beulah where the sun is always shining, and the birds are always singing, to the celestial city. There is a very full and most animating account of his abundant labors and triumphant death, in Clark's "*Lives of Eminent Men.*"

Before the death of Dr. Winter, there was another Vicar of Cottingham, whose end was very different, though he also is described as being a man of great piety. I mean Joseph Robinson, who was presented to Cottingham in 1661,

and unhappily ejected from it the next year. This was the year of the passing of the celebrated Bartholomew act. In our law books it is called *The Act for Uniformity*, but it became virtually *the act for non-conformity*, separating many who in heart and doctrine were really united. By this act no less than 2000 of the clergy were driven out of their benefices. Mr. Robinson, of Cottingham, was one of them. If the advisers of King Charles II. had not taken to themselves the instruments of a foolish shepherd, and ruled with force and cruelty; if they had not shrunk from concessions which were cheerfully made by the first Reformers, instead of deploring the loss of such men as Baxter and Allein, the Flavels and Henrys, it is pretty clear that all these eminent men would have remained both to strengthen and adorn the national Church. The ejected minister of Cottingham died soon after his ejection, it is said, "*broken-hearted*."

It may be interesting to mention that a daughter of the celebrated builder of the Eddystone lighthouse, was for some time a resident in this parish. Mr. John Brooke, who formerly occupied Hull Bank House, married the daughter of Smeaton, the famous engineer.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF COTTINGHAM.

Before speaking of these, it will be well in the first place to take a glance at the

#### GEOLOGY OF COTTINGHAM.

Cottingham is situate at the immediate junction of the

*chalk and drift.* The chalk, which is the higher section of the *great secondary* series, having crossed the Humber at Hessle, composes the hilly downs which run northward. To the east it is covered over in the large district stretching away to the coast of Holderness, by the much larger *tertiary* deposit, called the *Glacial Drift*.

I.—The line of boundary between the two series, running from north and south, touches Hessle, Cottingham, Beverley, Beswick, Driffield, Burton Agnes, and Bridlington. At Hessle, an interesting example of local *preglacial* drift occurs between the chalk and glacial drift. It is contemporary with the Kirkdale and other well known caves, from which have been disinterred numerous *Mammalian remains*. A very similar instance occurs about a mile west of Burgh, in Lincolnshire, and along the line upon which Cottingham stands: no doubt the discovery of other examples might reward the diligent geologist. At Hessle have been found the remains of the *elephant, ox, horse* and *deer*. These remains must be referred to the *pleistocene* period of the tertiary age, which must be distinguished from the great glacial drift deposit, under which it lies. These animals were once browsing upon the plains of this locality, and their fossil bones are not water-worn like those far-travelled stones of the drift, torn from the granite soils of Cumberland, or the fossils washed from the liassic cliff of Whitby. The local geologist should expect to find other traces of the mammalian zone, which we have described as lying at the base of the drift, and just above the true chalk rock. At Hessle, valing the boundary line, we may expect to discover traces of *hyena, lion, (felis spelœa,) bear, rhinoceros, hippo-*



*potamus*, and some *rodents*, which the writer has not yet found.

II.—Besides the above, the district is perplexed with other peculiar and chiefly *local* drifts. The drift proper, upon the edge of which Cottingham and Beverley lie, and which covers the plain to the German ocean, is one of those numerous and almost universal deposits, (in Europe and America especially) of materials, gravel, sand, stone and clay, lying, not in orderly succession, but in the most wild confusion. In this country, they have been transported by grand diluvial currents, flowing from the Cambrian mountains, over summits, *now* a thousand feet above the sea, borne along on ice-bergs until a warmer temperature compelled them to discharge their freight. These great currents flowed from the north-west, subject to divergencies dependant upon those very features of the country which we find now.

III.—The chalk is a continuation of the great secondary belt, which, cupping out at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, passes along through Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and crossing the Humber at Brough and Hessle, recrosses on the coast of Yorkshire at Flambro' Head. The chalk has been ascertained by well-sinking, to dip under the drift at Hessle and Cottingham, at the rate of 20 feet per mile eastward. This would make the discovery of water in many parts of Holderness practicable, assuming that such moderate declination is constant.

Apart from the interest attaching to these remains of mammals, which make the district remarkable, the juncture

of two formations, as at Cottingham, has a peculiar attraction for the geologist.\*

### THE INTERMITTENT SPRINGS.

Among our natural curiosities *Keldgate springs* are by far the most noted. They rise at about a mile from the village, on the Cave road. There are different opinions as to the origin of this name. Some derive it from a Saxon word, which signifies a *well* or *fountain*; and others from the *hell* or *caul* which enwraps the intestines. The former, it is conceived, is the true derivation. The most remarkable feature in these intermittent springs, is the extreme uncertainty with which they flow. Sometimes they are dry for two, three, or even seven years; and then suddenly break out, and utter for some weeks an astonishing quantity of water. Some conceive them to be wholly independent of the quantity of rain that falls. This, however, is not probable, and is certainly not in accordance with their more recent discharges. They most frequently, but not invariably, break out in the spring. When the drainage of the neighbouring chalk hills cannot find vent by its usual channels, a new course has to be made, and hence the activity of the Keldgate springs. Such springs are not unknown in other parts of the country. There is an intermittent spring near Bridlington, another near Lewes, and one not far from Croydon. The ebbing and flowing well near Settle is always periodical. The activity of the Croydon spring was regarded in the dark ages of the world,

\* For this scientific geological sketch I am indebted to the Rev. Charles Bromby, Principal of the Cheltenham Training College.

with superstitious dread ; and as the token of calamity it was called "*the noe water of England.*" In that locality it is observed to the present day, when the water of the Bourne is out, an unusual amount of sickness may be expected in the neighbourhood. This, however, is traced to its true cause, namely, the usual connection between excessive moisture and increased sickness. I never heard that the superstitious feelings of Cottingham either ebbed or flowed with the Keldgate springs.

Ebbing and flowing wells, and all intermitting springs, are most easily explained on the principle of a *syphon*, and the mode of its operation. With a bent tube to represent the syphon, and a basin of water properly placed, it is quite easy to make artificially an intermitting spring ; and thus most simply to exemplify what appears so perplexing. Somewhere in the chalk stone rock, perhaps considerably beyond the bounds of our parish, there is evidently a fissure or capacious receptacle of water above the level, where it breaks forth and flows out, at Keldgate springs. Now if we consider these springs to be connected with the distant cavity, by a subterranean drain, bent after the form of a syphon, it accounts at once for everything that is witnessed, or that requires to be explained. The cavity which feeds our springs may be anywhere in the higher grounds about *Riplingham*. A *rippling home* is the natural source of a flowing well. The cavity has to be filled with water to a *certain height*, before it can be drained by the natural syphon through the chalk. When so filled, it begins most suddenly to discharge its waters at the Keldgate springs ; while other surrounding springs, both at Beverley and Burn

Park at the same time begin to flow. A considerable quantity of rain may fall without raising the water in the hidden reservoir to the given point it must reach before it can be emptied. On the other hand, when it has nearly reached the flowing point, and remained for some time in that state, it may be raised sufficiently high, by a much smaller quantity of rain, which falls afterwards, to bring out the springs. This accounts for the opinion of those who conceive the springs to be wholly independent of a wet or a dry season. Sometimes they are dry after considerable rains, and sometimes they flow after a moderate supply. Careful observers, who have been all their lives in the parish, are very positive, that after extraordinary rains, these springs invariably appear. At any rate this was the case upon the two last occasions when they were out. The autumn of 1852 was a time of unwonted inundation. About Christmas the intermittent springs suddenly broke out, and continued for two or three months to flow with astonishing rapidity. After this they were quiescent, or very nearly so, until last year, (1860.) That year, as we all know, was a year much to be remembered for the almost incessant rain that fell, from the beginning of the spring, to the end of autumn. Keldgate springs were in no wise insensible to the peculiarity of the season. Before the harvest was past, they burst from their secret prison, and for three or four months, continued without any intermission, to pour their crystal waters, with unwonted rapidity, and unexampled quantity, into the turbid basin of the Humber. At the same time the surrounding springs and wells remained unusually high; and several of our pumps, like fluent speakers, that

can pour forth words without any effort, actually continued to spout forth water for months together, while the handle was untouched, and the bucket was still.

Being very wishful to have the ideas of Professor Phillips on the subject of our intermittent springs, he has favored me with the following interesting remarks :—" The intermittent springs of Yorkshire follow the general rule of those in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, &c., which gush at intervals from the chalk there. They are not drains of subterranean lakes, but outflows of a slowly arriving subterranean stream, received as rain drops, passing in capillary channels, and collecting into a spring. In Wiltshire,

" As the days lengthen,  
The springs strengthen.' "

We cannot read this couplet quoted by Professor Phillips, of the Wiltshire springs, without being reminded of another couplet, which is applied to our own Keldgate springs. Old inhabitants of Cottingham assure me they have heard their fore-elders say,

" When Derwent flows,  
Then Keldgate goes."

It might almost seem there is some natural connection between the *flow of water* and the *flow of words*. At any rate, those who have watched intermittent springs, both in Yorkshire and Wiltshire, have alike recorded their observations by *running into rhyme*. When we consider the extreme irregularity and great uncertainty of the Keldgate springs, perhaps it is not easy to speak of any "*general rule*" which they follow. We would by no means consider them the "drains of a subterranean lake ;" but still it is

conceived, at the intervals when they break forth, they are by some means connected with one of the "*underground chalk reservoirs of the Wolds.*" The river Derwent is about 20 miles from Cottingham; but it is by no means difficult to connect its inundations with the activity of our springs. Certain it is that such a connection was formerly believed to exist between the two. In taking leave of these springs, let us not fail to imbibe from them the important lesson to which they so naturally give utterance; for the thoughtful man can really

"Find tongues in trees, *books in the running brooks,*  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

If our efforts and energies, like these wells, are sometimes intermittent, and for a while quiescent, let us long earnestly, that while we seem to be inactive and still, we may be secretly receiving the gracious drops from above, which are preparing us, in due time, to break out afresh, with renewed strength, and redoubled activity.

### THE SPRING HEAD WATER.

At the south-west extremity of our extensive parish, and part and parcel of the same, there gushes up, and flows forth, in crystal purity and unfailing abundance, the now notorious, and always celebrated water of *Spring Head*. This pure and excellent fountain has been well known from the earliest times. It has imparted the name of *Spring Head* to the district where it rises, and being called, time out of mind, *the old Julian Springs*, it is by no means improbable that they were used by the Romans. Spring Head House, with the woods and farms adjoining, is the

property of James Walker, Esq., of Sand Hutton ; but the little patch of ground, out of which the crystal stream so plentifully issues, has belonged for many hundred years to the Corporation of Hull. It was purchased by them, or ceded to them, no doubt for the very purpose which it so long answered. Mainly with *Spring Head water*, conveyed through different canals, and moats, and pipes, and made available by different appliances, many generations of the great and flourishing town of Hull were supplied, until the year 1845. No one doubted the *quality* of the water, as it gushed up pure from the chalk at Spring Head. On this point there could not be, and there was not, the least disagreement. But what was to be done when the *quantity* of water hitherto supplied by the spring was found wholly insufficient for the rapidly increasing population of the third sea-port in the kingdom? Before anything was determined the daily quantity of water yielded by the spring, *as it then existed*, was fairly tested ; and this being found wholly inadequate to the wants of the town, the liquid fountain, with its limited supply, was relinquished for the flowing river that could never be exhausted. If the chalk fountain had been as plentiful and unfailing as the flowing river, or if the river had been untainted and pure as the fountain, in either case the inhabitants of Hull would have been well supplied with water, and they might have drawn from either or from *both* as they chose.\* Under the impression that the Spring Head water was insufficient, the water works at Stoneferry, still in the parish of Cottingham, were completed in 1845, and have been in operation ever since.

\* "Pocula sunt fontes liquidi *atque* exercita cursu  
Flumina."—VIRGIL.

The water is taken direct from the river Hull, and after being filtered at the works, is sent forth in pipes to every part of the town. They are capable of supplying three and a half million gallons in twenty-four hours.

But the test to which the old springs were subjected before they were forsaken, was considered by many in no wise decisive. It was argued, that pumping from the basin of the spring, could never give such a decisive test. Nothing but *the Artesian bore*,\* it was said, could sufficiently prove the capability of this ancient and invaluable fountain. Many things combined to make it extremely probable, if

\* The practice of *boring* for water began at *Artoise*, in France, from hence we have the term *Artesian well*. The one at Grenelle, in Paris, is by far the most remarkable. It was not until six years of almost incredible labor had been past, that the persevering effort was crowned with the most signal success. Then at the depth of about 1800 feet the water came boiling up in such quantity and with such force, as to inundate the whole district. Such wells were introduced into England about 70 years ago. The ruins of the ancient aqueducts of Rome are still among the most striking antiquities of the seven-hilled city. Until the year of Rome 441, the ancient masters of the world allayed their thirst, and supplied their wants alone with water from the yellow Tiber. The Humber, at Hull, in its most muddy state, is not tainted with a deeper tinge than the Tiber at Rome. The tawny, or the yellow Tiber, was the name most commonly given to it in the Augustine age.—“*Vidimus flavum Tiberim.*”—HORACE. Either the river was much clearer, or the Romans were far less fastidious, in the days of the Commonwealth. At one time the aqueducts extended over a distance of fifty miles. It is conceived, from the incredible labor and care of the Romans in erecting their aqueducts, that they were ignorant of the great principle of hydrostatics, *that water will always rise to the level of its own source*. Pliny, however, makes direct reference to this known law. But many things are known theoretically, before they are applied practically, Had they acted upon this known theory, they might have saved themselves the cost and the pains of the vast arches which they built of brick and of stone, for the conveyance of their water from the distant heights. It would have flowed spontaneously in pipes either upon or under the ground.—*See Dr. Burton's Ancient Rome.*



not absolutely certain, that within the rails of that little enclosure might be obtained water in quantity abundantly sufficient for the utmost requirements of the whole borough. *Spring Head* is in a chalk district, which extends over an area of 376 square miles. The chalk is about 500 feet in thickness, and is so extremely porous, that one cubic foot is capable of holding two gallons of water in suspension. It is *tilted* at the outer edge, so as to make a considerable *dip* towards the place where the water gushes up at the Julian springs. In addition to all this, the water thus stored up, or rather stored beneath, in this pure bason of chalk, is effectually prevented from escaping, by the bottom of clay extending throughout the whole district. We have therefore the Wolds to collect the supply, the chalk to preserve it in purity, the clay to prevent it from escaping, and the dip to bring it to Spring Head. When every allowance is made for evaporation and vegetation, and the unfailing tribute that is paid by the river Hull to the Humber, there must be a vast residue of the rain that falls on the Yorkshire Wolds, stored up in the chalk, and which has only to be pierced in the proper place, in order to gush forth like rivers.

The inhabitants of Hull soon found from painful experience that no abundance in the *quantity* of their water could make up for the deterioration of its *quality*. The complaints of what was received from Stone Ferry soon became deep, and loud, and general. Then it was, about a year ago, determined to put the old Julian springs to the test of the Artesian bore; the result has been entirely successful. The particulars are given below in the words of a skilful and eminent civil engineer, who is

well acquainted with this locality, and who has minutely examined the successful experiment of which he speaks.\* When we consider that the deepest bore is 356 feet below the bed of the Humber, it seems highly probable that in obtaining the crystal streams that are now issuing from the open fountain at Spring Head, we are drawing not only from the entire length of the Yorkshire Wold, but also from a considerable portion of the Lincolnshire chalk. Should the supply from this pure and natural reservoir be found insufficient, a geogolist would say at once,—Pierce down to the bottom of the chalk, and descend from thence 150 feet deeper, when you will entirely have got through the Kimmeridge clay. There arrived you broach at once the *Corroline Oolite* formation. In that great water-bearing strata, abundance of water will be found; and from its

\* “ Mr. Wm. Warden has made two Artesian bores at the old Julian springs with great labor and cost, the result of which is that he can with moderate steam power, *assisting nature, supply five million gallons every twenty-four hours*, and more if necessary. Mr. Warden's first bore is 252 feet deep and the second 400 feet deep, and each 16 inches diameter. They first passed through 20 feet of alluvial deposit, then 4 feet of gravel, and the remainder through chalkstone, marl, and clay. At the depth of 382 feet they passed through 5 feet 4 inches of red chalk. The natural spontaneous utterance from the two bores, without aid, is estimated to be *two million gallons in 24 hours*. The temperature of the water is 51° Fahr. Alfred S. Taylor, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., of London, has made the following analysis of the quality of the water from two specimens sent to him :—

|                                                           | No. 1. |     | No. 2. |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------|-----|--------|---|
| Carbonate of Lime, with traces of Carbonate of Magnesia   | 10     | 1   | 11     | 2 |
| Sulphate of Lime with traces of Silicia and Oxide of Iron | 1      | 5   | 1      | 8 |
| Chloride of Sodium, with traces of Potash of Salts        | ...    | 2 0 | 1      | 9 |
| Combustable (vegetable) matter ... ..                     | ...    | 2 0 | 2      | 0 |
| Total Grains in Imperial Gallon ... ..                    | 15 6   |     | 16 9"  |   |

connection with its higher part at Pickering, it will rush up to the level of its source on the low ground at Spring Head.

It is with much satisfaction that I am able to give here the opinion of a very celebrated geologist, intimately acquainted with the East Riding, on the subject of these famous springs. In reply to my enquiries about them, PROFESSOR PHILLIPS, has very kindly sent me the following notice of them:—" *I have no doubt the Spring Head water, by the course of which I have often walked, and gathered plants, or watched the insects, is A GREAT OUTPOUR OF THE UNDERGROUND CHALK RESERVOIR OF OUR YORKSHIRE WOLDS. But there are so many springs along the eastern margin of this chalk tract, that I should confine the expression of its drainage area to the SOUTHERN part of the Wolds.*"

## CHAPTER VI.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Solomon, to whom God gave wisdom and largeness of heart above all mankind, was a most exact and extensive naturalist. His natural history has not been preserved; but, we are expressly told, "*He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowls, and of creeping things and of fishes.*" 1 Kings iv., 33. It is no proof either of superior piety, or more exalted wisdom to look upon any part of God's fair and beautiful creation, "with brute unconscious gaze;" as if any of His works were beneath our notice, and did not bear upon them the

unmistakeable impression of the designing hand by which they were made. He who rightly investigates the wonders of creation will be constrained to cry out, "*O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all.*" Psalm civ., 24. A celebrated naturalist\* has observed, "Nature thus makes brotherhood; and if all mankind would study nature all mankind would be brothers." Now, lovers of natural science, though always bound together by their mutual love of the same pursuits, are not always brothers in the highest and the noblest sense. It cannot be denied that botanists and naturalists in their diligent study of the volume of nature, sometimes neglect the volume of Divine revelation. Both the volumes are by the same Author; and they are worthy alike of Him from whom they come. But if men will not

"Look from nature up to nature's God,"

or if they fashion for themselves a God of their own, in preference to Him whom the Bible reveals, then it is that their admiration of nature becomes to them a fatal snare, and a dangerous delusion. All that we have to say, respecting this danger, is most beautifully and exactly expressed by the Christian poet,† whose ardent love of nature was only exceeded by his reverent and childlike submission to the Word of God.

"Full often too

Our wayward intellect, the more we learn  
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;  
From instrumental causes proud to draw  
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.  
But if His Word once teach us, shoot a ray,

\* Mudie: in "*The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.*"

† Cowper: in "*The Task.*"

Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal  
 Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,  
 Then all is plain. Philosophy baptis'd  
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,  
 Has eyes indeed ; and viewing all she sees  
 As meant to indicate a God to man,  
 Gives him his praise, and forfeits not her own."

Neither do characters such as these live only in the imagination of the poet. There is not a single department of science, which cannot produce among its mightiest advocates, those who have bowed with the most reverent subjection to the plain and simple Word of God.

" Learning has borne such fruit in other days  
 On all her branches ; piety has found  
 Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r  
 Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews."

The principal *authors* who have lived and written at Cottingham, in modern times, are the late P. W. WATSON, Esq., and the late A. H. HAWORTH, Esq. The *Dendrologia Britanica* of Mr. WATSON was published in two octavo volumes in 1825. It is a scientific catalogue of all the trees and plants of Great Britain that will live and thrive in the open air. Every tree described is most beautifully illustrated with an accurate drawing of the leaves, or flowers, or seeds of the plant. The work is both too expensive, and too scientific, ever to be popular ; but all who make botany their study, refer to it as a *standard book* ; and it has a very high reputation for the accuracy and correctness of every subject upon which it touches.

Mr. ADRIAN HARDY HAWORTH was well known about half a century ago for his various publications on *natural history*. Very flattering is the testimony that is borne,

both to his diligence and skill, in *Faulkner's History and Antiquities of Chelsea*. Mr. A. H. HAWORTH lived at Chelsea when Mr. Faulkner published his history of that place. Having spoken of his unrivalled museum of entomology and natural history, in these terms he speaks of him as an author :—"By indefatigable industry in investigating, and by critical acumen in distinguishing the various objects of natural history, everlasting obligations have been conferred upon the admirers of the sister sciences of *entomology* and *botany* ; and the ample and affectionate testimonials from scientific institutions, both foreign and domestic spontaneously conferred upon Mr. HAWORTH, are convincing proofs that his labours have been duly appreciated by the philosophical and learned world both at home and abroad. For more than thirty years he has contributed largely to various entomological and zoological works, and has been honoured by having a genus and a species called after his name."\*

It is much to be regretted, that almost all scientific men fifty years ago, wrote in a language that was not understood of the people. The very names of some of Mr. HAWORTH'S most important works are enough to make a plain Englishman shut up the book in despair, and conclude at once that it is beyond his comprehension. What, for instance, can he make out, when he casts a bewildered glance upon such titles as these, "*Genus Mesembrianthemum*," "*Lepidoptera Britannica* ;" or, "*Sinopsis Plantarum Succulentarum*." The wonderful manner in which natural science has been popularized within the present generation, and made attrac-

\* History and Antiquities of Chelsea, by Faulkner.

tive and pleasant, instead of repulsive and forbidding, is one of the most evident features of our times.

The late JOHN HILL, Esq., who built the house where his family still live, was also an author. About the year 1810 he wrote very ably on the bullion question; and it is generally believed that to his pamphlet, on another important question, William Wilberforce became a convert to the doctrine of what was called, *Catholic Emancipation*.

#### THE ANIMALS OF COTTINGHAM.

Our list of Mammalia is only a short one. If we leave out the domestic animals, which contribute so largely to our use and service, those which remain are soon numbered; and they consist only of the specimens which every where abound. Within the memory of many still living, the *otter* was common in the river Hull, and frequently seen in our numerous drains; but now it has entirely disappeared, without leaving a trace or *scent* behind of its former existence among us. The wily *fox* however, still makes its den in our covers; and from time to time, by his nightly depredations, gives undoubted proof that his appetite for geese and poultry is as keen as ever. The timid *hare*, which in bygone time had a royal pursurer, notwithstanding all that guns, and dogs, and traps, and snares can do, is not yet an extinct species. The *rabbit* has found a sure refuge for herself in many of our quarries; and in some parts of the parish is very common. The *brown squirrel* is by no means a stranger to our woods. I once watched its lively motions in the walnut tree that stands in the vicarage lawn. We have no lack of those creatures which were made to be taken and destroyed. The *Norway rat* has found its way to our parish; and the *weasel*, the *ermine*, the *polecat*, and

the *mole*, are far more plentiful than either our gamekeepers or farmers desire. We have the *shrew mouse*, both common and black ; and in addition to the common domestic mouse, abroad in the fields we have both the long-tailed and the short-tailed field mouse. The *water rat* is very common in almost all our drains. Before passing from mammals to birds, very properly may be mentioned here the curious creature which is the connecting link between the two—I mean the *bat*. The *common* and the *long-eared bat* especially, are constantly to be seen on the wing. These are so numerous, that we have only to be acquainted with their favorite haunts, and to know the time when they come forth from their secret recesses, in order to watch them, as they wheel their mazy circuits in the air, while the glimmering landscape is receding from our sight.

#### THE BIRDS OF COTTINGHAM.

Our feathered friends are far more numerous than our four-footed ones. But, unhappily, only some of them act the part of true friends. They do not stay with us at all times, and in every weather. They visit us when they please, and leave us when they like, for their own convenience, and for their own gratification. Our birds may not improperly be classified under these divisions ;—constant residents, and summer visitors, our winter guests, and our occasional stragglers.

Among those that remain with us all the year, we have the pheasant, the partridge, the water rail, and the water hen, the green plover, the wood pigeon, and the lark. Our singers are neither few nor feeble. The blackbird and the thrush never fail to make our gardens vocal with their song.



The missel thrush never forsakes us. All the finches have their habitation among us. The goldfinch, the bullfinch, the mountain finch, the greenfinch, and the chaffinch constantly make their voices to be heard ; and though most of the last mentioned desert us for the winter, yet they fail not to leave a remnant behind. The notes of the wren are familiar to our ears, and the redbreast loves to build and warble among us. If gaudy colors delight us, the jay that screams in our woods, and the kingfisher that glides by our pools, invite our attention. We have both the horned owl and barn owl, the sparrow hawk, and the kestrel hawk, the noisy rook, the carrion crow, the jackdaw, and the magpie. All the year through we can listen to the distinctive chirp of the sparrow, that derives its name from the *house*, the *hedge*, or the *tree* ; and at any month in the year we can watch the lively activity both of the common blue titmouse, and the small black headed tit. Starlings are very plentiful. We have also the black cap, the corn bunting, and meadow pipit.

At the head of our *summer visitants*, although by no means the first to come, we must place the martin, the swallow, and the swift. The latter is by no means so plentiful as the other two. It is the last to come, and the first to go. Before any of these are seen floating in the air, the voice of the cuckoo has been heard among us, and the lively motions of the wagtail have been seen on our lawns. The whinchat and the whitethroat, the warbler (*sylvia locustella*) and the flycatcher, never fail to observe the time of their coming. The brown owl and the fern owl come to us in spring ; and now it is that we look for the red start, and the stone curlew, the willow wren, and the grey linnet. As

soon as the grass springs up in the meadows the voice of the landrail is heard among them. The red pole, the long tailed titmouse, and the yellow hammer, constantly renew their visit. Of the last mentioned a few remain through the whole year.

Our *winter guests* are both numerous and valuable. In addition to the flocks of geese and ducks which we occasionally see in the air, on their way to the Humber, after the fall of the leaf, and throughout the winter, they are frequently found alone, in our drains, and brooks, and springs. The woodcock generally arrives with the mists of October, the golden-crested wren having arrived a little before, as the pilot to announce his approach. All our winter visitors are from the north. They seek in our warmer and more protected region the food and shelter which they cannot find at this season in a more northern latitude. The Norway crow, hooded like a monk, never fails to fix among us his winter quarters. The owl, also from the same rigorous country, seeks among us a more genial climate; and the snow bunting directs its flight to our coast; while the golden plover, and the fieldfare, the red-wings and butcher bird, display their treasures, and utter their notes, and commit their cruelties among us every winter. Both the snipe and the jack snipe are very plentiful in our marshes and springs. The waxwings has been repeatedly shot in the parish.

We have last to notice the rare birds and stragglers of Cottingham. At the head of our very rare birds we may put the wild swan (*cygnus ferus*) either white or black; and yet this rare bird is occasionally seen in our land. An accurate observer of animated nature

informs me that last year he saw a goat sucker (*caprimulgus Europaeus*.) This is the only one he ever saw in these regions. The visits of the quail are very occasional. From time to time the sea-birds, that seldom go far from the water which supplies them with food, appear among us. The seagull (*larus canus*) is too near a neighbour to be seldom seen. Many of them are instinctively "weather-wise," and leave the sea before the storm. At these times they halt upon the fields; and continually have I seen them, mingled with rooks and pigeons, following the plough, and as diligently as the rest, feeding upon the larvæ, and the worms of the upturned soil. But more scarce than these is the great auk, and the storm petrel. One of the former species (*alca impennis*) a short time ago was taken up at the New Village; and a specimen of the other (*thalassidroma*) at Bentley. The name given to these latter birds is very significant. They are really *coursers over the sea*; and as Mudie informs us, the toes are so long, and the webs so extended, that they seem literally, when in their own element, to be *walking on the water*. "It is on this account that they have been called petrels, or little Peters." The raven, though once a resident among us, has fled on its sable wings far away, and is now never seen. But his hoarse note has been happily supplied by the sweet song of the nightingale. Very uncertain and conflicting were the current rumours and traditions respecting the visits of this delightful stranger to our district, in former years. Some positively declared that it never crossed the Humber, and could neither live nor sing in such a latitude as this. Others confidentially affirmed that about twenty years ago, they had heard Newland Grove

made vocal with its song. While, to complete the startling testimony, it was roundly asserted by others, that they had actually seen with their own eyes (*quæque ipse miserrima vidi*), a stuffed nightingale, not among the specimens of antedeluvian Yorkshire, but in a museum of birds which really lived and flew and sung in the East Riding; in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which was shot in this very parish, not by a Goth or a Vandal of a dark and barbarous age, but by a bird-fancier now actually living at Cottingham! Surely if nightingales could as plainly speak, as they can sweetly sing, this is the accusation that they would utter against us, in the deepest tone of indignant distress,—“Do not wonder, if our visits to your village are *‘seldom and far between.’* Do not wonder if we refuse in future to cross the Humber, and never cause our tuneful voice to be heard in your copses, and gardens again. You do not think, with the epicures of imperial Rome, that nightingales were made to be a delicious morsel to your palate,\* instead of to warble forth a delightful song into your ears. But wherein do you differ from them, if, when we come to sing among you, instead of treating us kindly, you pursue us with guns, and stuff us in your museums!” The nightingale might have said or sung such a plain charge against us, but it has not done so. Instead of finally leaving us, on the 13th of May, 1861, this delightful bird renewed his visits to Cottingham, and night after, and all night long, continued for about two weeks to pour forth her unmistakeable melody,

“In shadiest covert hid.”

This year it has been kindly welcomed; and, it is believed,

\* “*Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coemtas.*”—HORACE.

has built its nest, and hatched its young, in the grounds of Edward Harrison, Esq.

### BOTANY.

In passing from animated nature to the vegetable kingdom, the *classification of plants* is not to be overlooked. We may adopt either the *system of Linnæus*, or the *order of nature*. The first was invented by the illustrious Swede, who did far more to dispel the gloom in which this department of natural science was shrouded, than all his predecessors.\* It is somewhat remarkable, that he whose inventive genius, and patient investigation have shed such a flood of light on the nature of trees in general, should himself have derived his family name from a particular tree. He tells us that his family took their name from the *Lin*, which is the *linden*, or *lime tree* of England. When at the command of God the vegetable creation sprang forth, in every plant, from the least to the greatest, we are told that its "*seed was in itself*." Now the plant has to flower before it can bring forth either fruit or seed. But the two essential parts of every flower, are the *stamens* and the *pistils*. Unless these are present, either on the same or different flowers, no seed can be matured. On the *number* and peculiarity of these two, the whole Linnæan system is founded. The *class* for the most part is decided by stamens; and the *order* by the pistils. According to this system, plants are divided into twenty-four *classes*, each consisting of two or more orders. No contrivance could be more admirably adapted either to assist the memory, or to enable

\* See a most admirable work entitled "*The Forest Trees of Britain*," by the Rev. C. A. Johns, and published by The Christian Knowledge Society.

the learner at once to find out both the *class* and the *order* of every plant, and tree that he examines. But this system, so wonderfully simple, is by no means perfect. Its grand deficiency is here. It collects together the most opposite natures into one class, and it disperses into different classes, natures that are evidently either kindred or the same. Thus, as it were, separating familiar friends, and uniting the most deadly enemies. The great inventor himself, with all the candour and humility of true genius, acknowledged the imperfection of his system; and wished it to be superseded by another, free from its deficiencies.

To a great extent this has been accomplished, by the other system now generally adopted on the Continent, and year by year becoming more and more appreciated in England. It is called the *natural system*, or the *order of families*. It was founded by Professor Lindley. According to this system all plants are divided into *classes*, and *tribes* and *families*, founded on their *natural affinities*, and *distinctive peculiarities*. If in this system the memory of the learner is more severely taxed, it must be remembered that the knowledge which he acquires under it is far more substantial. No artificial aid to the memory can supply the deficiency of departing from natural arrangements.

### THE TREES OF COTTINGHAM.

It is an interesting fact that if we take any good list of British forest trees, (indigenous and naturalized,) without going into any other arboretum, we can find, with very few exceptions, in the fields, and hedges, and woods, and plantations of Cottingham, a specimen of each particular tree. The following list includes all the trees described in "*The*

*Forest Trees of Britain,"* by the Rev. C. A. Johns :—

| ENGLISH NAME.     | BOTANICAL NAME.              | NATURAL ORDER. | LINNEAN CLASS, & ORDER. |
|-------------------|------------------------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| Oak               | <i>Quercus Robur</i>         | Amentaceæ      | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Ilex              | <i>Quercus Ilex</i>          | Do             | Do                      |
| Sycamore          | <i>Acer Pseudo-Platanus</i>  | Acerinæ        | Ocœndria Monogynia      |
| Maple             | <i>Acer Campestre</i>        | Do             | Do                      |
| Ash               | <i>Fraxinus Excelsior</i>    | Oleaceæ        | Diandria Monogynia      |
| Box               | <i>Buxus Sempervirens</i>    | Euphorbiaceæ   | Monœcia Tetrandria      |
| Hawthorn          | <i>Crataegus Oxyacantha</i>  | Rosaceæ        | Icosandria Pentagynia   |
| Blackthorn        | <i>Prunus Spinosa</i>        | Do             | Icosandria Monogynia    |
| Cherry            | <i>Cerasus Sylvestris</i>    | Do             | Icosandria Monogynia    |
| Bird Cherry       | <i>Cerasus Padus</i>         | Do             | Do                      |
| Mountain Ash      | <i>Pyrus Aucuparia</i>       | Do             | Icosandria Pentagynia   |
| White-beam        | <i>Pyrus Aria</i>            | Do             | Do                      |
| Wild Service-tree | Do                           | Do             | Do                      |
| Pear              | Do                           | Do             | Do                      |
| Apple             | Do                           | Do             | Do                      |
| Beech             | <i>Fagus sylvatica</i>       | Amentaceæ      | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Poplar            | <i>Populus</i>               | Do             | Diœcia Ocœndria         |
| White Poplar      | <i>Populus Alba</i>          | Do             | Do                      |
| Grey Poplar       | <i>Populus canescens</i>     | Do             | Do                      |
| Black Poplar      | <i>Populus nigra</i>         | Do             | Do                      |
| Aspen             | <i>Populus tremula</i>       | Do             | Do                      |
| Chesnut           | <i>Castanea Vesca</i>        | Do             | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Horse Chesnut     | <i>Osculus Hippocastanum</i> | Hippocastanæ   | Heptandria Monogynia    |
| Holly             | <i>Ilex Aquifolium</i>       | Illiciæ        | Tetrandria Tetragynia   |
| Birch             | <i>Betula Alba</i>           | Amentaceæ      | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Alder             | <i>Alnus Glutinosa</i>       | Do             | Monœcia Tetrandria      |
| Elm               | <i>Ulmus</i>                 | Ulmaceæ        | Pentandria Digynia      |
| Wych Elm          | Do                           | Do             | Do                      |
| Hornbeam          | <i>Carpinus Betulus</i>      | Amentaceæ      | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Hazel             | <i>Corylus Avellana</i>      | Do             | Do                      |
| Walnut            | <i>Juglans Regia</i>         | Juglandaceæ    | Do                      |
| Lime-tree         | <i>Tilia Europea</i>         | Tiliaceæ       | Polygynia Polyandria    |
| Barberry          | <i>Berberis Vulgaris</i>     | Berberidæ      | Hexandria Monogynia     |
| Tamarisk          | <i>Tamarix Gallica</i>       | Tamariscinæ    | Pentandria Trigynia     |
| Strawberry-tree   | <i>Arbutus Unedo</i>         | Ericaceæ       | Decandria Monogynia     |
| Spindle-tree      | <i>Euonymus Europæus</i>     | Celastraceæ    | Tetrandria Monogynia    |
| Dogwood           | <i>Cornus Sanguinea</i>      | Cornæ          | Tetrandria Monogynia    |
| Oriental Plane    | <i>Platanus Orientalis</i>   | Platanaceæ     | Monœcia Polyandria      |
| Occidental Plane  | <i>Platanus Occidentalis</i> | Do             | Do                      |
| Buckthorn         | <i>Rhamnus</i>               | Rhamnæ         | Pentandria Monogynia    |
| Privet            | <i>Ligustrum vulgare</i>     | Oleaceæ        | Diandria Monogynia      |
| Acacia            | <i>Robinia Pseud-Acacia</i>  | Leguminosæ     | Diadelphia Decandria    |
| Willow            | <i>Salix</i>                 | Amentaceæ      | Diœcia Triandria        |
| Elder             | <i>Sambucus nigra</i>        | Caprifoliaceæ  | Pentandria Trigynia     |
| Woodbine          | <i>Lonicera Periclymenum</i> | Do             | Pentandria Monogynia    |
| Guelder Rose      | <i>Viburnum Opulus</i>       | Do             | Do                      |
| Ivy               | <i>Hedera Helix</i>          | Araliaceæ      | Do                      |
| Yew               | <i>Taxus Baccata</i>         | Taxaceæ        | Diœcia Monadelphia      |
| Scotch Fir        | <i>Pinus Sylvestris</i>      | Conifera       | Do                      |
| Cluster Pine      | <i>Pinus Pinaster</i>        | Do             | Do                      |
| Stone Pine        | <i>Pinus Pineæ</i>           | Do             | Do                      |
| Spruce Fir        | <i>Abies Excelsa</i>         | Do             | Do                      |
| Silver Fir        | <i>Picea Pectinata</i>       | Do             | Do                      |
| Larch             | <i>Larix Europæa</i>         | Do             | Do                      |
| Cedar             | <i>Cedrus Libani</i>         | Do             | Do                      |
| Deodar            | <i>Cedrus Deodara</i>        | Do             | Do                      |
| Chili Pine        | <i>Araucaria Imbricata</i>   | Do             | Do                      |
| Juniper           | <i>Juniperus Communis</i>    | Do             | Do                      |

To begin with the monarch of the grove. If the British trees should go to anoint a king over them,\* there can be no doubt, that while they waved their branches in

triumph, they would all say with one voice, to the royal oak, "Reign thou over us." The oak, which is the tree both of beauty and strength, grows freely among us, though we have none, which either for size or age, are especially remarkable. We have got the *sessiliflora*, which bears acorns without a stalk, as if in a sitting position. Our ancestors in Druidical days, had much to do both with the shade and fruit of the oak; resorting to the one for their religious worship, and using the other for their natural sustenance. The Saxons called the first letter of their alphabet after the name of this tree *Ak*. Hence, in English we have got both our *oak* and *acorn*, that is, the *corn* or fruit of the oak. *Acton*, in Middlesex, is the *town* of *oaks*. Evelyn tells us that the principal admiral who commanded the Spanish armada, received these instructions from the court of Madrid:—"In case you cannot make England a Spanish province, cut down all the oak trees in the forest of Dean, that Britain may no longer be formidable at sea." There is a curious specimen of *variegated* oak in the grounds of Mr. Lofthouse.

The *ilex*, or *evergreen oak*, though in a hard winter severely tried, is generally found to flourish among us. In some of its varieties it is notched with prickles, from which it is called the *holm oak*. The finest specimens here are at Newland Grove, on the lawn of Avison Terry, Esq. He quite feared, with every one else who saw them in the early spring, that their reign was over, and that they would be never *green* again; but they are now budding forth with new leaves, and like their venerable owner, bid fair to flourish on with renewed vitality. Bishop Lowth considers the *ilex* to be the *teil tree* of Scripture. If this be so,



how truly is it said of these trees, their "*substance is in them when they cast their leaves.*" Isa. vi., 13.\*

Our *sycamores* are very luxuriant, and stretch out their branches, and put forth their leaves, with all the unrestrained freedom of a thoroughly naturalized tree. Chaucer speaks of it as a rare exotic in the fourteenth century. It is much cultivated in Scotland; and from the doleful purpose to which it was applied (they used it as a gallows) it was called the *dole tree*. The name of sycamore was given to it by the older botanists, who confounded it with the mulberry fig of Palestine. By combining *syke*, a fig, with *moros*, a mulberry, they got *sycamore*. In its leaf it certainly resembles the mulberry, but faint indeed is the likeness of its fruit to the fig. It is called the *mock plane*, from the likeness of its leaves to those of the Platanus. A variety is very common at Cottingham, beautifully tinged with silver.

The *ash* is only second to the oak, partaking of its beauty, but destitute of its strength. It would grow very freely, if only suffered to do so, in almost every part of our parish. The noble specimen in the Church yard, at the east end of the Church, shows us the height and bulk to which it would attain, if left unmolested. But unhappily, in its venerable maturity it has been molested. It is not dying of old age; but the withering of its branches above must be traced to the repeated hewing of its fibres beneath. The vagrant roots of the ash give it little favor in the eyes either of the farmer or the gardener. Its English name is derived from the Saxon *æsc*, and this is the name by which it is generally called among our labouring men.

\* There is a most magnificent *ilex* at Anlaby, in the grounds of T. R. Voase, Esq.

Before Evelyn knew that the *ash* and the *olive* were of kindred genera, he recommended the seed vessels of the former as a good substitute for the green berries of the latter. The sap of these two trees is so analogous, that the olive may readily be grafted on the ash. Our weeping ashes are very common. This variety was only discovered in Cambridgeshire about a century ago. It is only propagated by grafts, and now it is to be seen almost in every churchyard and cemetery in England; and has numerous descendants both on the continent of Europe, and in America.

The *hawthorn* is very beautiful and very plentiful, both in our hedges, and as a tree. In the balmy month of May it has no rival. It lives then, and causes us to live also, in the atmosphere of its fragrance; while the whole country is filled with its delicious odour. Who has not loved and admired

“The milk white thorn that scents the evening gale?”

In Burn Park I have seen the thorns that are there a complete sheet of unsullied white. Cowley was perfectly correct when he said

“Man does the savage hawthorn teach  
To bear the medlar and the *pear*.”

There are two fine *pear* trees at the New Village, which were grafted on two separate thorns by Robert Ward forty years ago. This practice is not so common now as formerly. There is an old *Glastonbury thorn* in the grounds of Mr. Lofthouse. Once, since his residence there, it has flowered at Christmas.\*

\* See the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn in *John's Forest Trees of Britain*.

The *beech* is eminently and especially the tree of our parish. It always appears in the greatest abundance, and usually flourishes with the richest luxuriance, in the *chalk* districts. It brings its name from its native north. It is the national tree of Denmark, and in the neighbourhood of Elsinore is said to flourish in superlative vigour. The *mast* or *nuts*, which it produces, formerly went by the name of *buck* in this country. Hence, the county of Buckingham, where the beech reigns with undivided sovereignty, has obtained its name from the fruit which it so plentifully produces. Perhaps all our farmers may not recollect that the *buck-wheat* which they sow in their fields is so called from its likeness in shape to the mast of the beech. Whether we refer to the glossy foliage, or its delightful shade, its graceful arms or its hanging boughs, we may perhaps regard the beech as the most lovely of all our forest trees. It does not always, however, in this district bring its nuts to ripe perfection. Its most pleasing variety is seen in the purple, or copper beech; and of these we have a most admirable mixture interspersed among our other trees. The young purple beech that waves its graceful boughs by the door of the Vicarage, is a great favorite with the writer; and when on the memorable Whit Monday of 1860, its fellow on the other side of the Vicarage was torn up by the hurricane, he experienced a regret which he had never felt for a tree before. But by far the most magnificent purple beech in the parish, and perhaps in the whole kingdom, is the one in the grounds of the late Joseph Gee, Esq. The gardener conceives it to be about 70 years old. Its stem, completely hid by its branches that rest on the ground, is 11 feet round the boll; it entirely covers with

its dark, deep, waving foliage, a circumference of 230 feet; and it rises, from one unbroken mass of impenetrable shade, in the most elegant and graceful form, to the height exactly of 48 feet. It is still in its most vigorous growth, and bids fair to become still more wonderful and beautiful than it is at present. All who look at this tree, must fully concur with Sir T. D. Lauder, in regarding "a noble beech as one of the most magnificent objects of God's fair creation."

Our *poplars*, it is conceived, are too numerous; and whether white, or grey, or black, whether trembling or still, they might well be displaced by trees of greater beauty, and of greater value.

The *chestnut* (*castanea vesca*, or eatable chestnut,) is not a common tree among us. It only ripens its fruit in a favorable summer. It thrives far better in the midland and southern counties than with us. The Romans most probably introduced it into Britain. They called it *castanum*, from the place where they themselves had obtained it. Most likely it was imported into this country from Spain; and for this reason, but not with strict correctness, it is called the *Spanish chestnut*.

Our *horse chestnuts* are both very plentiful and very luxuriant. It is a native of Asia, and was introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Evelyn says it was called *horse chestnut* from curing horses that were broken winded, and other cattle that had coughs. I don't recommend any of our farmers to administer the dose, and try the result.

The *holly* is very plentiful, both as a tree, and as seen in our hedges. It is the most hardy, and the least uncertain of all our evergreens. It used formerly to be written, the

*holy* tree ; and was so called from the use that was made of it at the season of Christmas. The author of "*The Forest Trees of Britain*," has most happily suggested what was the origin of decorating our Churches with green holly at that joyful period. He reminds us that as the feast of the Passover, and the feast of Pentecost have severally been merged into the Christian festival of Easter and Whitsuntide, so the *feast of tabernacles* has been merged into the festival of Christmas. And he conceives, that as the Jews were commanded to fetch *green boughs*, and to rejoice at their feast of *tabernacles*, so the primitive Christians testified their joy in the same significant manner, as they celebrated the joyful time, when *the Word* was made flesh, and tabernacled among us.

The *elm*, with its rugged bark, and lofty height, and slender branches, is to be seen almost at every step, and in every field. It attains to a very considerable size in this locality, and the great majority of our largest trees here are elms. There are fine specimens of it to be seen both about our village and at Spring Head. It grows very rapidly on light land, but requires a stiff strong soil to produce good timber. A large quantity, and some of our finest elms, were completely torn up by the roots in the memorable hurricane of May 28th, 1860. The elm has well nigh ripened its seeds in the early spring, before its leaves have begun to expand. The barbarous custom of lopping this noble tree, and changing its goodly form into a *gigantic broom*, cannot be too greatly repudiated. Nothing can be more foolish than to expect to increase the size of the trunk by diminishing the number of the boughs. Every leaf on every bough takes its part in promoting the growth of the

whole. The *leaves* above, as well as the *fibres* beneath, are the mouths through which the sustenance is received, that advances the growth and the size of the tree. How then can either be promoted by the excision of such mouths? Or, to use the more elegant illustration of *Ruskin*:—"A tree is the most wonderful fabric in the course of formation under the eye of man. Though trees, like flowers, neither toil nor spin, in the growth of every tree the operations of weaving and mining are ever going on, working according to natural laws, as in the animal kingdom. *For every shoot growing upwards, a corresponding rootlet grows downward, both spreading transversely, and forming a tissue corresponding to the warp and the woof.*" We might as well expect a perfect web, from the warp only, without the woof, as a thriving and substantial tree, when we have lopped off all the branches, and left the stem alone. Such a spectacle is enough to turn every tree of the same species into a *weeping elm*. The practice is as hurtful to the timber as it is painful to the spectator. But a special pleader for the defendant would say, How can the farmers and the gardeners obtain their crops, and mature their fruit, under the constant dropping, and perpetual shade of these great trees? It is far more important to them, for their lands to be thrown open to the sun and air, than to please the eye with a beautiful view. Will a beautiful view pay the rent? Perhaps the sentence of an impartial judge would be, "If the tree really and seriously injures your ground, let it be cut down entirely; but let it in no wise be mutilated. It is a less evil for a beautiful object to be wholly withdrawn, than to be transformed into a sightless disfigurement."

After admiring for some time a noble tree, like the elm, we may now for a few moments examine two or three of

our lesser trees, or shrubs in a group. Let us take the *maple*, the *barberry*, and the *arbutus*. We have the maple with us as a very common bush, but rather a rare tree. The barberry, which grows wild in many parts of England, is very plentiful, as a considerable tree, in all our shrubberies. Wherever it grows it is clearly to be identified by its intensely green elliptical leaves, its three fanged fork, and its hanging clusters of scarlet berries. The arbutus, though it freely grows, rarely displays its red, ripe strawberries to our view. Pliny tells us it was called *arbutus unedo*, or *one I eat*, because its fruit is so distasteful, that he who has eaten one will never think of eating a second.

The *hornbeam*, though very common, is little known. The Greeks called it the *yoke tree*, because they made their yokes of its wood. When once the *angular cup* is seen, which is the seed of the tree, it cannot be mistaken. No other British tree bears its seed in the same way. It takes its hard name from its tough nature. It is tougher than any other British tree. After it has been kept awhile, it becomes more like *horn* than wood ; hence it is called *horn beam*, or hard wood.\*

We have some fine large *walnut* trees, which do not fail, under ordinary circumstances, to ripen their fruit. It is a native of Persia, and was introduced into Britain at an early period. Having come to our country by way of France or *Gaul*, it was called the *Gaul nut*. In process of time, the *G*, as in *Wales* and *Cornwall*, was transformed in *W* ; and hence we have *wall-nut*.

\* There are two or three fine specimens of the *horn beam* in the grounds of Mr. Lofthouse.

The *lime* delights greatly both in our soil and climate. It is especially amid the delicious fragrance of this flowering tree, that we may watch

“ How the bee  
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets.”

Gibson, the celebrated carver, preferred the wood of the lime above all beside ; and this is the raw material, from which, under his skilful hand, he has brought most of his performances to such an excellent work.

The *Platinus* or *plane tree*, though planted here and there among our other trees, looks like a stranger in a strange land. It has derived both its Greek and English name from its broad and ample leaf. For a similar reason, *i.e.*, from his *broad* and ample forehead, the name of *Plato* is said to have been given to the prince of Greek philosophy. Its most obvious peculiarity is the way in which it sheds its bark by separate patches. By this means its trunk is variegated in the most curious way. Another peculiarity is the hanging balls which contain its seed. The largest existing plane tree, is the largest tree in the world. It stands in a valley on the banks of the Bosphorus, near to Constantinople, and is supposed to be more than two thousand years old. The occidental, or American plane, is very rare. This species from the far west, seeming to acclimate with us even less than that from the radiant east. The finest oriental plane that we have, is in the grounds of Mrs. Gee, not far from the purple beech already described. There is also one obvious to everybody, in Mr. Watson's paddock. A hard winter tells very hardly upon this settler from the east ; and as he still persists, in our rigorous climate, in the oriental custom of dispensing



with his outer coat, he constantly takes cold, and sickens, and dies ; or if he survives a severe winter, his constitution is so seriously injured by it, that we rarely see him in perfect health, and in full perfection.

The *acacia*, notwithstanding the fragility of its branches, grows freely at Cottingham. When first it was brought into England from North America, it was mistaken by the botanists of that day for the Locust tree, (*acasia*,) of Egypt. The French call it Robinia, from its first introducer into Europe. Unless the summer be peculiarly unfavorable, it generally displays its pendent flowers. All the trees of the field are in leaf before it. Though its branches are so frail, its wood is uncommonly tough. The Americans use it for the nails or pins in building their ships.

The *box*, and the *alder*, and the *birch*, are all to be seen in our shrubberies, and by our waters, and in our plantations. The box grows naturally in Kent and in Surrey ; and in those counties gives severally the name to *Boxley* and *Boxhill*. The *alder*, like the willow, loves the water side ; and seldom fails to enliven with its presence the course of the stream. The *birch*, with its silver stem and slender form, and hanging leaves, has been called "*the Lady of the woods*." Being of Northern origin, it has little or nothing to fear from an English climate, and flourishes well in Yorkshire. There is a Parish in the West Riding, not far from Pontefract, which takes its name from this tree. Birkin, famous for its missionary zeal, was originally the *Berch Ings*. It is of great use in Russia. The oil from its bark is the cause both of the fragrance and durability of all books bound in Russia. A weeping birch is one of the prettiest sights in nature.

The nine trees under the natural order of *Rosaceæ*, demand for a moment our attention. This extensive order, including the sub-divisions of modern botanists, comprises almost all the valuable fruit trees of the temperate regions. How wide the extremes between the worthless *sloe*, and the delicious *green-gage* ; and yet the *blackthorn* is the natural stock of them both. The *cherry* is too well known to require any description. The *cerasus padus*, however, or bird cherry, is often overlooked. We have several noble specimens of this at Cottingham, which are quite large trees. The *mountain ash* does not disdain to ripen its red berries upon our plane ; and its near relation, the *white beam* grows to a size somewhat remarkable. This latter tree, from the mealy appearance of its leaf on the under-side, is called in Germany the *meal tree*. The *wild service tree* is better known as a variety of the mountain ash. The *pear tree* and the *apple tree*, by growing wild in our country, are properly numbered among the forest trees of Britain. But they have both been so extensively cultivated, that they belong to the *orchard* rather than to the *forest*. It is not the design of this sketch to speak of fruit trees. This must be left to our gardeners and nurserymen. It may however be mentioned, that the *Lord Wake* apple, which is cultivated at Cottingham, is quite a modern name. The *Hessle* pear also, which is here so abundant, seems to derive its name, not from the neighbouring village of Hessle, but from its spotted and brown resemblance to the hazel tree.\*

\* An intelligent parishioner last spring was speaking of the scarcity of blossoms. The trite remark was made to him, "*There may be blossom without fruit ; but there cannot be fruit without blossom.*" To this he replied,

The *tamerisk* is a common shrub among us ; and the *spindle tree* is familiar to our sight. This latter tree is not so called, as if in ridicule of its appearance, but from the useful purpose to which it is applied. *Spindles* are still made of its wood in Germany. The *dogwood* is very common in some of our hedges. Like the *horn beam*, its wood is very tough ; its leaves become almost blood red in autumn ; and its berries are so bad, that we are told it derives its name from this circumstance, "they are not fit even for a dog." The *buckthorn* puts forth its sharp spine, and matures its sable berries in our copses ; and the almost evergreen *privet*, with its white flowers, or its brown berries, is always at hand.

The *willows* by our watercourses are both plentiful and flourishing. Few consider how very numerous is the willow tribe. More than 200 different species are described by Loudon in British collections. The weeping or Babylonian willow, (consecrated to our tenderest sympathy by the mention that is made of it in the Bible, Psalm cxxxvii., 1, 2,) is by far the most interesting and the most beautiful. Of this there are two noble specimens before Newland Villa, planted by the late Joseph Rennard, Esq. To the eye of

"There is no rule, however general, without its exception. In the garden of my brother-in-law, Mr. Walker, near Bawtry, there is an apple tree *which bears fruit without exhibiting any blossom whatever*. The tree came originally from Cottingham ; and when the apples are produced, they are invariably destitute of pippins." The Rev. G. H. Woodhouse, Rector of Finningley, assures me that this strange narration is an undoubted fact. But in this manner he accounts for the singular phenomenon :—"I suppose the case to be this—*the petals of the flower never expand at all ; but the stamen and anthers are there, and do their office without any expanded flower*." This supposition, I doubt not, is correct, though it does not account for the absence of seeds in the apples that are borne.

poet they would almost seem to replenish with their tears a flowing stream over which they hang.

The *alder* and the *elder* have a somewhat similar name, but scarcely any two trees are more distinctly different. The river side is the natural habitation of the former ; but the latter will grow any where. There is this remarkable peculiarity in the elder. All its parts, in every stage of its existence, are applied to some medicinal purpose. Its leaves and its buds, its blossoms and its berries, its pith, its wood, and its bark, have each and all their distinctive use and definite virtue. The *woodbine* twines its sweet wreaths upon our hedges ; and the *wayfaring tree*, and the *guelder rose* present themselves to the traveller on the old road to Beverley. The *hazel* matures its well-browned nuts ; and aspiring *ivy*, never content except getting up in the world, has completely enveloped several of our habitations in its mantle of green.

We have no ancient and venerable *yews* of which to boast in our Parish. The oldest that we have, so to speak, are only of yesterday. In some places there are yews standing which were venerable trees a thousand years ago. The old yew tree near Runnymede, is still alive, which was an old tree when Magna Charta was signed. It was planted by our Christian forefathers in their Church yards as a significant emblem. It proclaimed to the living the state of the dead. It testified that the faithful, there interred, like the ever green, unchanging yew, were yet living in another world, the life which had been the object of their desire in this.\*

\* See "The Forest Trees of Britain," vol. ii., 298.

We must cross the Humber in order to be introduced to the most ancient and venerable family of Saxacæ. The following description is from the graphic and lively pen of the Rev. J. Byron, the Rector of the parish where the old stock has been flourishing for many generations:—"At Killingholm Manor, an old mansion of the period of Henry VII., there are several ancient *yew trees*, by far the finest in this part of the country. Many have perished within the present century; but a remnant survive, recalling times and seasons that have long passed away. One of these is especially worthy of notice, on account of its large dimensions and venerable aspect. At the height of three feet from the ground it has a circumference of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet. It is a complete shell; and two full sized persons can stand upright within it, but the head is still green and flourishing. It was hollow 120 years ago, though to what extent the decay had then proceeded is not known. It has clearly been planted *since the moat was formed*; and the writer believes moats were not used in Saxon times. Soon after the Norman conquest they became common; and therefore it is probable that the moat was dug and the trees were planted at its edge, between the Conquest and the end of that century. If so, it beheld in its youth the oppression endured by Saxon serfs, ground down by Norman nobles. It saw the tall deer roving at will, that the Conqueror 'loved as if he had been their father.' It heard the shouts of joy when Magna Charta was wrung from the hands of a foolish despot. Its boughs may have furnished weapons that, in the hands of good English archers (stout *yeomen* with their bows of *yew*) won the bloody fields of Crecy and Agincourt. It heard the storm of civil discord rage between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Gloomy Puritans may have plotted and prayed beneath its shade. Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, have come and played their parts before it, like actors in a drama; and then—*exceunt omnes*—they are gone like mighty shadows. Much interest therefore, attaches to this, and similar relics of former times; let us do what we can to preserve them, and learn the lessons which they teach. The past is a glass, in which thoughtful men may see dimly mirrored the yet undiscovered future." When we think how many generations of men a single tree has beheld to pass away from the busy stage of time, how pleasant to look forward to the fixed and enduring state that has yet to come. '*As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.*' See the whole passage, Isaiah lxx., 20—25."

Our verdant meads and fruitful fields are too valuable to be plentifully stocked with *conifers*. The fir tribe, like

the clans in the north from whence it comes, is very numerous. Trees of this class, as well by their root and leaf, as their form and texture, are wonderfully adapted to live in a soil where almost everything else would die, and to brave the tempests before which other trees would fall. For the most part all the vast forests of the north are filled with conifers. The old Scotch fir is the only species which is a native of Britain. "Caledonia, stern and wild," is the true mother, as well as the *meet nurse* of the *Pinus Sylvestris*. It has grown there from the remotest antiquity. So well is it fitted for fuel, that *fir* wood, and fire wood is one and the same thing. Very extensive is the range of the Scotch fir. In Europe it is found from the blue waves of the Mediterranean, to the black forests of Norway; and while a variety of it appears in North America, the table lands, and the mountain ranges of Russia are covered with its shadow. It is principally raised among ourselves as the nurse of more valuable trees. Turpentine is the juice of the living Scotch fir; while tar is extracted from the wood after the tree has been cut down. The finest Scotch firs in our parish are to be seen at Spring Head.

The *cluster pine*, or *pinaster*, that is, the star pine, is so called from producing its cones in the form of star-like clusters. It strikes its fibres downwards, and does not flourish on a thin soil. It has the valuable property of binding down the shifting sand, and gradually transforming it into a better and firmer substance. It is extensively raised in all our plantations. The *stone pine* is the pine of Italy; and it may be distinguished from the others by the lighter colour, and the rounder shape, and the larger size of its cones. The *spruce* or Norway fir, which is also the

great tree of the Alps, seems to be out of its latitude upon our dead level. It thrives well for a while, and at an early age produces abundance of cones ; but without due regard, both to soil and aspect, in a few years it dwindles away and dies. It is brought in immense quantities into the the Port of Hull, from the shores of the Baltic, under the name of white Baltic deal. Spruce beer is a decoction made from the young shoots of this tree. The *silver fir* lifts up its long large cones among us. It was called by the Romans *abies*, which name by mistake the early botanists gave to the spruce fir. It was only introduced into England about 200 years ago. Strasburg turpentine, and the clearest varnish, are made from this tree. The *larch* grows freely at Cottingham. It is the only member of the fir family that stands in the winter without its leaves. It has also this strange peculiarity, that its wood is entirely worthless as fuel. But it makes up, by the hardness of its nature, and the length of its endurance, for both these deficiencies. It is in great demand for the *sleepers of railways*, as it bears exposure to all weathers, without being affected by any. The Venice turpentine is taken from cavities that are found in the solid wood of the full grown larch, while the tree is yet living and standing.

The *cedar of Lebanon* was introduced into England a little before the revolution of 1688. It produced cones at the age of 88, and since then vast numbers have been raised both from native and foreign cones. The finest cedar at Cottingham is in the grounds of Mr. Hutchinson.

The *deodar*, for several years has found its way into almost all our gardens and lawns. When the great beauty and the various uses of this wonderful tree are considered,

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we cannot be surprised that the Hindoo, as he beheld it in all its native perfection on the Himalayan height, should have called it THE GIFT OF GOD. With the ever green beauty of the cedar while living, it affords when cut down imperishable timber of unfading fragrance. It will prove one of the most valuable and beautiful additions that has ever been made to the trees of Britain. Bishop Heber found it flourishing at nearly 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and in frost as severe as any which we have in England. The largest specimens are to be seen in the grounds of John Hewetson, Esq., of Newland.

The *araucaria imbricata*, or Chili pine, is a very un-English looking tree. Loudon compares its branches, in young trees, "to snakes, partly coiled round the trunk, and stretching forth their long slender bodies in quest of prey." We can scarcely form any idea, from the specimens which we see of it here in England, of what it is in its mature and native grandeur on the rocky ridge of the South American mountain. One of its magnificent cones gives ample food to the Indian for a whole day. It was only introduced into England at the close of the last century. It has its name from the Araucanos, a people of Chili. The largest *imbricata* in this Parish is at the Grange. There is especially another variety called the *araucaria excelsa*, or Norfolk Island pine, which ranks among the most magnificent of all trees. As this tree requires protection in the winter, its size must here be limited to the height of the conservatory. There is a beautiful specimen at the Grange, in the conservatory of John Ringrose, Esq., and another at Cottingham, in that of Mrs. Gee.

Though closely allied to the *fir* tribe, the *juniper* was



constantly placed by Linnæus in a different class; and evidently for this reason, *it bears berries instead of cones*. It is not certain that either the juniper of Scripture or that of the ancients, is the juniper indigenous to the northern hills and wilds of England. In this district we have the chalky soil, but neither the rugged hills nor the heathy downs upon which it naturally grows. Hence, though very common as an evergreen, it does not grow wild among us. The principal purpose to which the juniper berry is now applied is to flavor the well-known spirit, which from *Geneva*, (the place where it was first distilled) has been corrupted into *gin*. There are some very rare and beautiful varieties of the juniper at the Grange.

#### THE FLORA OF COTTINGHAM.

A short section on our wild flowers, would be wholly insufficient to give even a summary glance of the "flora of Cottingham." I am therefore constrained, though with some reluctance, to leave almost untouched, the sweetest, and the fairest, and perhaps the most interesting topic, intended to be opened in this history. At the first sight, when the extent of our district, and the variety of our soil is considered, we appear to the eye of a botanist, by no means rich in botanical rareties. But, upon a closer investigation, these riches are found to increase greatly. Mr. J. F. Young has sent me a list of plants collected by himself during his very occasional rambles through our Parish. This list contains the representatives of about *sixty* different families, and 270 separate specimens. His list is a selection from our plants, rather than a catalogue of them all. It might be greatly extended by a resident botanist. Mr.

Niven, the skilful and able curator of the Hull Botanical Gardens, assures me that he has found in our district several rare and uncommon specimens, and that our numerous ditches and drains abound in almost every species of aquatic plants.\*

I may not omit to mention, the gigantic *Siberian cow parsnip*, which is perhaps the largest *herbaceous plant* in the world, and which flourishes so exceedingly well at Newland. The traveller on the Queen's highway between Hull and Cottingham, cannot fail to be struck with a large umbelliferous plant, which at first he mistakes for the most magnificent hemlock that he ever beheld. This is the *heracleum*, or *cow parsnip*. It is a biennial, and propagated by seeds which ripen in great abundance. The largest in Mr. Hewetson's garden has this year already attained the astonishing height of 12 feet. The stem in the thickest part is 12 inches in circumference. It answers most exactly to the natural order to which it belongs (*umbelliferæ*) and forms by its floescence a vast *umbrella*.

Though a deciduous tree, and not an herbaceous plant, now that we are looking at giants, the imperial *paulownia* is not to be unnoticed. It is a stranger from Japan, and was introduced into this country in 1837. It is most remarkable for the astonishing size of its leaves. There was a fine specimen in the garden of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Cottingham, but it was killed last winter. The one in Mr. Hewetson's garden at Newland, is still alive. Our

\* It was intended to have published in this little volume the catalogue of Mr. Young, revised and enriched by the care and contributions of Mr. Niven. But this intention, partly by the multiplied engagements of Mr. Niven, and partly by the unexpected size to which it would swell our history, I am constrained for the present to relinquish.

climate, alas, is more congenial to the herbs of Siberia, than the trees of Japan. For while the *heracleum* flourishes in all the vigour of its native north, the *paulownia* is sadly tried by the severity of our winter, and seems to sigh with all its leaves, for the sunny south.

### THE NEW WATER WEED.

It will be interesting to many to have some account of the troublesome immigrant from North America, which is called by our botanists *anacharis alsinastrum*. Such is the name of the *new water weed*, which is now drawn in prolific abundance from Cottingham beck; and which, in a few short years, has fairly established itself, perhaps never to be eradicated in all the rivers and canals of our country, from "*utmost Treed*," where it was first detected in 1842, to "*Medway smooth*," where it is likely to luxuriate in all its astonishing fecundity. When first this stranger appeared, as the genus *anacharis*, was confined to the American continent, a distinctive name was given to the new water weed, derived from its resemblance to *elatine alsinastrum*, that it might not be confounded with the American species.\* The name is retained; though many distinguished botanists have come to the conclusion that the modern troubler of our English waters, is identical with the transatlantic water weed.† If its name had been taken from its nature, many significant names would at once have declared it. It might very properly have been called the

\* See Transactions of the Botanical Society, vol. 3, p. 30.

† See "The New Water Weed," by Wm. Marshall, Esq., of Eli, Cambridge.

*swan weed*, the *pest weed*, or the *wiery water trefoil*. The lock of Dunse Castle, Berwickshire, was so completely filled with this plant in 1847, that only with the greatest difficulty a boat was pulled through the water. The few solitary swans that had hitherto lived upon the lock, found in the new weed a most delicious and abundant provision. But as consumers increase with increasing riches, so it was with the little swan colony on the Scotch lake. They lived entirely upon the weed ; and in two or three years increased in the most unexampled manner, into a considerable flock. And now the supply became wholly insufficient to meet the demand. By the year 1851 all their provisions were consumed, and shortly after, not the slightest vestige of *anacharis alsinastrium* was to be seen on the lake. From that time the swans began to pine away and die. No other food could save them. They are now reduced to their original number ; and so completely have they eradicated the weed from the water, that for several years not a single leaf of it has been seen on the lock. It is somewhat singular that in the very place where the formidable invader was first observed, we have been clearly shown how it may be effectually kept down.

But it is the *pest weed* as well as the *swan weed*. It multiplied so rapidly in the Brayford and Fosdyke, at Lincoln, that these waters had to be cleansed of the weeds, at the cost of £1000 to the Corporation ; and in a year or two after the same canals became again so choked with weeds, as to be nearly unnavigable. Might not the Lincoln Corporation, by introducing and protecting swans upon these waters, make as clean a riddance of the troublesome weed, as in the lock of Dunse Castle ?

It is so unlike all other water plants, that it may at once be recognised as the *wiery water trefoil*. Its leaves grow *in threes* round a slender *stringy stem*, four or five feet in length. It is so heavy, that as soon as it is cut, instead of rising to the top like other weeds, and floating down the stream, it will frequently sink to the bottom. By this property, it becomes a serious check to the drainage of the country. The colour of the plant is a deep green, and its leaves are beset with minute teeth, which cause them to cling to every object with which they come in contact. The stem is very brittle, and fragments are broken off upon the least disturbance. In quiet and undisturbed places, it bears a little white flower in the ninth month. What is most remarkable, all the flowers that have hitherto appeared in this country are *without stamens*, that is, they are female flowers only. Thus, though at present, it cannot propagate itself by seed, its powers of increase are truly surprising. Every fragment is capable of becoming an independent plant, with roots and stems to extend itself indefinitely in every direction. Most of our water plants require to be rooted in the bottom or sides of the water in which they are found ; but this *actually grows as it travels* slowly down the stream, *after being cut*.

Five years after it had been discovered by Dr. George Johnston, in the north, it was discovered again by Miss Kirby, in Leicestershire ; and shortly after by Mr. Mitchell, in a tributary of the Trent. None of our rivers could have been better adapted for extending the new importation, whether for good or evil

Than "Trent who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His *thirty* arms along th' indented meads."

Soon therefore, in all the midland, and eastern, and north-

ern counties, the new water weed became but too well known. Mr. Marshall has observed,

“When the pest had travelled on the Trent, as far down as the top of the Humber, the numerous vessels ascending the great valley of 4000 square miles drained by the Yorkshire Ouse, would carry it up with them, and so inoculate that ample river and its numerous tributaries.”

Very ingenious is the conjecture of this able writer, as to the means by which the unwelcome stranger has made the passage from North America to England. (A most undesirable north-west passage.) These are his words:—

“I should say that it was most likely introduced at or about Rugby, with *American timber*, during the execution of some of the numerous railways which meet at that point. We know that in North America the timber is floated in rafts down the rivers, in which case fragments of the American weed would cling to it; or seeds might find their way into the clefts of the wood; and if but one seed, or one fragment retained its vitality, in some moist cranny, till it reached its final destination, I verily believe it would be sufficient to account for the myriads of individuals that now exist in England. Indeed, from the circumstance of all the plants hitherto found being of one sex, the hypothesis of its propagation from a *single* seed or fragment is rendered more probable, than by supposing a number of seeds or fragments to have been imported.”

All the difficulty of accounting for its appearance in the Scottish lake is removed by the admission of Dr. Johnston, who acknowledges “*aquatic plants have been introduced into that piece of water from the south.*” Mr. Marshall decidedly thinks that like other troublesome weeds of a different kind, the *anacharis alsinastrium*, with pains and care, may be put down, and kept under; but he does not conceive we are to hope for its *total and entire eradication*. For this purpose he recommends that it should never be left in the water, after it has been cut, but be raked out at once upon the shore; and then, he adds, “Commissioners of drainage should *beware of letting fresh water into their*

*districts*, for the weed will invariably enter with it, and blockade the ditches."

The troublesome stranger was not observed either in Cottingham beck, or any of our numerous drains until about the year 1856. At that time it was too scarce and rare to attract other eyes except those of the botanist. But now unhappily, it has become too notorious, and is unmistakeably obvious to more senses than one. It may be seen slowly rolling in densely tangled masses, and choking up the bridges of Cottingham beck by the Hull road, for miles together. And there, while the air is tainted by the rapid decay of the vast heaps of the wieri trefoil that have been drawn from the water, as we stay to examine it, we form such an acquaintance with it as can never be forgot. Like all usurpers, it is very impatient of associates; and soon contrives, after it is once established, to choke and exterminate all the water weeds of every water course that it enters. But this is so far from being an advantage, that every inconvenience together, that was caused before by all the petty sovereigns of the beck, was a mere nothing in comparison to the mischief that is made by this monstrous and prolific despot.

#### CONCLUSION.

How different is the age in which our lot is cast, to the feudal times, and the ancient scenes of which we have been speaking. The embattled Castle, and the cloistered Priory, with its lordly baron, and solemn prior, have alike disappeared. The massive structures themselves, as well as their former inmates, have all passed away like a dream, and are mouldering together in the dust. By the invention of printing, the genius of the Reformation, and the

appliance of steam to the purpose of locomotion, a new order of things has been introduced among us ; and in their manners and customs, the ancients and the moderns are

“ Wide as the poles asunder.”

Agencies are now abroad for the improvement and benefit of mankind which were wholly unknown in the ages that are past. The wonderful dream of the incipient printer has been actually realised ; and that Book which is more precious than thousands of silver and gold, has become as plentiful as the stones in the street, and the trees of the plain. The marvellous prediction of Friar Bacon, so wonderfully in advance of his own age, we see completely accomplished. What words were these to be uttered by another Friar in the very age when Nicholas de Luda, the Capuchin Friar, was Rector of Cottingham :—

“ How little has knowledge advanced ; when compared to the wonders which will be revealed by the combined power of art and nature, exceeding all the miracles ascribed to magical skill or necromantic art. Bridges unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing : and treading with firm steps on the golden sands, never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna—(fire and water)—into action, and I behold a single steerman sitting at the helm, and guiding the vessel, which guides the waves, with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steed, darts on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labor. Bind the eternal enemies, and yoke them to the plough. Make the contraries unite, and teach the discordant influences to conjoin in harmony. Aid the antagonists to conquer each other ; and do thou profit by their mutual victories. True are my words, though spoken in parables. Open the treasury of nature—above, below, around you are the keys.”

In the 14th century, when these sentences were uttered, it would be almost impossible to annex any definite idea to them ; and yet in our own day, they are plainly intelligible.



to the merest child.\* Let all classes of the community rise as one man, to the diligent performance of the several duties to which they are called by the altered state of things under which they live. Let the upper classes earnestly cherish, and habitually manifest a kind and sympathising spirit with their poorer brethren. Let the *allotment system* be diligently carried out in all our rural districts, and every honest and industrious man have the privilege of taking his rood, or half acre of ground, at a reasonable and moderate rent; and let every effort be used to draw our working classes from what is ensnaring and debasing, to what is innocent and useful; let their tastes be raised; and let them be fully convinced how unspeakably better is mental improvement than sensual indulgence. Above all, let the rich and the poor manifest alike, by their increasing reverence for the Word of God, and the sanctification of His holy day, that they are really living in the true faith and fear of His holy name, and then we shall have nothing to fear. When the teeming thousands of our populous towns, and the scattered inhabitants of our rural districts, are invariably leavened with the principles of true religion, then will our beloved country indeed be *great and free*; and it will answer the glowing description that was given of it by the chronicler,† in days that are past. It will be "the fortunate island, the paradise of pleasure, the garden of God; whose vallies are like Eden, whose hills are as Lebanon, whose springs are as Pisgah, whose rivers are as Jordan, whose wall is the Ocean, and whose defence is the Lord Jehovah."

\* See "The Merchant and the Friar," by Sir F. Palgrave, p. 44.

† Speed. Quoted by Bishop Hall.

## ADDENDA TO THE HISTORY OF COTTINGHAM.

The population of the whole Parish of Cottingham by the last census was 3112. This shows an increase during the last ten years of 266. The Parish has an area of 9600 acres. The Bishop of Chester is the Patron of the living, although it is in the diocese of York. D. P. Peploe, Esq., of Garstone House, Hereford, is the Bishop's Lessee.

Skidby, though always a separate Parish, was ecclesiastically connected with Cottingham until the year 1857. After long waiting, and not a little effort, it has now the benefit of a resident Clergyman, the Rev. H. M. Sanders, M.A., who is the first Incumbent of the Parish, and entirely independent of Cottingham. For the accomplishment of this good and important work, the Masters and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, who have an estate at Skidby, gave with their usual liberality, the sum of £1,000, to which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners added £600, to be invested in the three per cent. Consols, for the perpetual endowment of Skidby. In addition to this the Sykes's of Raywell, gave conjointly a benefaction of £1,000, to which the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty added £200, to be invested in the Funds for the same purpose. And finally, to meet the £300 contributed by voluntary contributions for the same object, the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty made a second grant of £200, and the Trustees of Marshall's Charity a grant of £100. This has also been invested in the Funds. By these several benefactions and grants, and contributions, without at all impoverishing the poor Vicarage of Cottingham, it is now entirely relieved of the charge of Skidby, and for the Incumbent of that little Parish an endowment has been secured for ever of £105 per annum. Previous to the completion and the endowment of Skidby, a Parsonage, as well as a New School and School House had been erected; and, as to its internal structure, the Church had been neatly restored.

In the year 1832, through the energy and activity of Avison Terry, Esq., assisted by a grant of £240 from the Incorporated Society a Church was built and consecrated at Newland; but no legal endowment has been provided for it. The Hamlets of Newland and Dunswell contain a population of 675 by the last census. Newland in every respect seems to require a resident clergyman as much as Skidby formerly did. Good hope is entertained, that ere long some benevolent and generous lovers of our Zion will manifest the same liberality to Newland, which others have already extended to Skidby.

Witness is borne to the antiquity and former importance of Cottingham, by the number and names of its present streets. We have

our King Street, and our Finkle Street, our Hallgate and our Northgate, our Beckbank, our Broadlane, and our Thwaite, as well as our Market Green, and our West Green. Many of these names speak for themselves; and some of them are purely of Saxon origin. *King Street* was probably so called from some of the royal visitors who came to Cottingham. *Finkle Street* is the *angle* or corner street. *Hallgate* was the principal entrance to the hall of the ancient baron. *Beck* is so purely a provincial word that in the south of England it is rarely used, and little known. *Thuggite* is a very common termination of local names in Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. There we have Cornthwaite, Micklethwaite, Underthwaite, &c. It signifies a moist and marshy piece of ground. Whitaker says a *thwaite* means a piece of ground stubbed and cleared of trees. Such too is the definition given of the word in Craig's Technological Dictionary. But the Rev. J. Ingram traces the word to the Anglo-Saxon *thwate*, a watery, washy place, from the verb *thwean*, to wash. This, it is conceived, is the true derivation of the word in question. See "Charnock's Local Etymology." Mr. Watson, to whom I am indebted for this derivation, has suggested that the situation of our *thwaite* strongly confirms this latter derivation. Before *Newland* had emerged from the water that covered it, when bridges were not built, and when the art of draining was unknown, the lower extremities of our village, down to the Thwaite, would be a complete swamp for many months in the year. During that time our rude forefathers might not recollect the Saxon word *thwate*; but the long road where the water collected they would call *the wet*. This would soon be contracted into *t'wet*, or *th'wet*, and then finally might settle into the *thwaite*. As we have no occasion for a market green, if a little pains were taken to transform it into a *village green*, and if instead of being rendered unsightly by the trunks of dead trees, it were planted with a few living trees, well arranged and neatly kept, it would be a great improvement to our village, and the cause of pleasure to all its inhabitants.

The new Organ of our Parish Church is one of unrivalled excellence. Some of the first organists have declared, if Messrs. Foster and Andrews had built no other instrument but this, it is so thoroughly good, that it would have ranked them with the first-class of organ builders, either in this country, or on the Continent. The cost of the Organ was £760. This sum was contributed in the following manner:—

|                                  |    |    |      |
|----------------------------------|----|----|------|
| The late J. C. Williamson, Esq.  | .. | .. | £440 |
| Thomas Wilson, Esq.              | .. | .. | 220  |
| Messrs. Edward & Arthur Harrison | .. | .. | 50   |
| Allowed for the old Organ        | .. | .. | 50   |

In addition to this, the cost of the new organ gallery, and other expenses connected with its erection amounted to £174. Towards this £106 was collected upon the opening of the Organ, and £10 has been contributed since. This left a balance of £58 to be made up.

The enquiry is constantly made by strangers who visit the Church, "Why have you blocked up your West window, when in the North transept there is a place so admirably suited for your noble instrument? Had you built there, from the ground floor, or very nearly so, you would have kept your window, made no encroachment upon the length of your Church, had no occasion for a singing gallery; and followed the example that is now being set almost in all '*quires and places where they sing*,' from Carlisle to Canterbury, and from Lincoln to Exeter?" None of these points were either unknown or forgotten. It was the earnest wish both of the Archdeacon and the Vicar, and many of the Parishioners, to have the new Organ placed in the North transept. But the wishes of the principal contributor to the Organ, who had before signalized his zeal and love for the Parish Church, in this matter were so decisive, that the point was conceded. It ought to be added that both the Organ builders, and some musical men concurred with Mr. Williamson, in preferring a gallery at the West end of the Church, to the floor of the North transept for the Organ. If the Church had been built for the Organ, perhaps a gallery at the West end would have been the most proper place for it; but if the Organ has been built for the Church, assuredly (so it appears to the writer,) it ought to have been in the transept.

Our district is not especially rich either in fossil remains, or remarkable coins. The black or bog oak in former times was frequently found in different parts of our Parish. It is now much more scarce. In this ancient timber we may trace the steps, and behold the work of imperial Rome. The fastnesses to which the ancient Britons fled for shelter from their invaders, were very frequently the watery forests, and boggy woods, where they could not be pursued. From these inaccessible 'retreats, they issued from time to time, as opportunity was offered, and sometimes succeeded in surprising and overpowering a Roman camp. The indomitable Roman, whose office it was to *tread down and break in pieces the whole earth*,\* could only dislodge the barbarians from such retreats as these, by cutting down the forests. So vast and numerous are the woods that have "bowed beneath their sturdy strokes," that it is not easy to believe all these mighty monarchs of the grove actually lived and grew on the surface of the deep morasses, in which they have been buried for so many centuries.

The springs, in some parts of our Parish, are strongly impregnated with iron.

\* Daniel vii., 23.

The coins of all the three first Edwards have been found in different localities. In addition to these there have been found in the Parish the coins of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, James I., William III., and George II. And to go still further back; when the Church was restored in 1845, several curiosities, and many very ancient coins were discovered. These were hid within the walls of the Church. Among the rest was a small silver box, supposed to be of great antiquity, and most likely buried, as a precious relic, with some distinguished personage. The coins were 17 in number. Some of them are pronounced to be Danish, and all of them are most likely before the Conquest. These discoveries seem to confirm the opinion that our present sanctuary was erected upon the site of an ancient Saxon Church.

Among the numerous good houses in the village of Cottingham, that are principally inhabited by Hull merchants, it would be invidious to particularise any, without mentioning them all. Those, however, that are dispersed in different parts of the Parish, may be named. *Raywell*, the residence of J. A. Sykes, Esq., is very pleasantly situated, beyond the dead level of the rest of the Parish, and always looks green and fair. *Cottingham Castle*, was built by the late Joseph Thompson, Esq., and had been occupied for several years by J. B. Barkworth, Esq., when in May last it accidentally took fire and has been uninhabited ever since. *Cottingham Grange*, the residence of John Ringrose, Esq., is a good substantial house, and Mr. Ringrose, by his numerous plantations, has greatly improved the surrounding grounds. *Hull Bank* is the residence of Benjamin Haworth, Esq. It is seen from the old coach road to Beverley, through the long and broad avenue of elm trees. As the name implies, it is built on the Western bank of the river Hull. The plains of a river are far more favorable for verdant pastures and luxuriant meadows, than for romantic scenery or picturesque mansions. *Newland Grove*, the hospitable mansion of Avison Terry, Esq., is perhaps as well known among all the great and good men, who plead the cause of our great religious societies, as any house in the kingdom. *If he that receiveth a prophet, in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward*, both rich and sure is the gracious recompense which awaits the venerable owner of Newland Grove. It was here that the sainted Dykes terminated his bright and blessed course. It was here that the excellent John Scott, the eldest son of the Commentator, when resting awhile in this peaceful shade from his pastoral anxieties, and bodily infirmities, was favored with such a sweet and blessed sense of pardon and peace, that he recorded with his own hand, in the chamber where he slept, "*This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*" SIC MIHI GRAVITER EGRO-

TANTI MA ET JUN. 1934. J. S." He departed this life October 16, 1834. One who knew him well, and who has since joined him, has thus recorded his experience in this peaceful and hallowed grove. "Newland Grove the abode of one of his earliest and most sincere friends, may in a very proper sense be called his death bed; for there he most fully realised the prospect of dissolution, and most earnestly laboured to inculcate the great duty of diligent preparation for eternity, on all who came within the reach of his voice. There he spoke as from the margin of the grave." *Rev. John King.* The Milners, the Simeons, the Wilsons, the Bickersteths, and the Kings, and many others of a kindred spirit, who have so often poured out their hearts before the family altar of Newland Grove, have finished their course, and rest from their labors. Can we doubt that when he, who made them his friends because they belonged to Christ, shall at length be removed to a happier grove—that *they will receive him into everlasting habitations!* *Newland House*, the residence of John Hewetson, Esq., is both *moated* and laved on the Eastern side by the flowing stream. So many important hints, and so much valuable assistance has the writer received, both from the personal communications, and the well selected books of Mr. Hewetson, that any little interest which this volume may possess, must be traced in a considerable degree, to this source. *Newland Villa*, the residence of Miss Wright, with its weeping willows and verdant lawn, is always an object of interest to the way-side traveller. If the numbers that are attracted to *Spring Head*, by the report of its crystal waters, have not altered the character of the place, the abode of T. Lightfoot, Esq., would prove a most delightful residence for a disciple of Zimmerman.

The *Nonconformists* have had a chapel in Cottingham, as early it would seem, as the year 1692. Since the year 1824 this chapel has been under the charge of my excellent and valued friend, the Rev. Thomas Hicks.

The *Wesleyan Chapel* in Northgate, was originally erected at the sole expense of Joseph Thompson, Esq.

J. P. Martin, an accurate observer of birds, and of "*the time of their coming*," informs me that neither the *swan*, nor the *goatsucker*, is a *rare* bird in this locality. He has frequently seen them both in the Parish. But once, and only once, he has seen among us the *wryneck*, the *ringouls*, and the *little auk*. He has noticed also among our summer visitors the *meadow pipit*, and among our winter guests, the *mountain finch*. Either he, or Thomas Buttery, another ardent lover of natural history, has seen all the birds that are mentioned in our list of Cottingham birds.

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J. & E. FULLEYN, LITHOGRAPHERS AND PRINTERS, BASINGHALL WORKS, LEEDS.



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*It was quite intended to publish this little Volume at One Shilling. But its original size having actually doubled during its progress through the press, the Publisher is constrained to add one-half to its intended price.*

COTTINGHAM VICARAGE, AUGUST 6th, 1801.

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